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Sir Giles Goosecap. 1606.

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Sir Giles Goosecap

Date of Earliest Known Edition . . 1606

[*B.M. 11,773. bbb. 5*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Sir Giles Goosecap

1606

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Sir Giles Goosecap

1606

Besides the Museum copy of this play, from which this facsimile is reproduced, there is another example in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

Another edition, "printed for Hugh Perry," was issued in 1636. Of this impression some copies are found without the date, that being the only variation.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "it is a practically faultless reproduction."

JOHN S. FARMER.

SIR
GYLES GOOSECAPPE
Knight.

A Comedie preſented by the Chil:
of the Chappell.

AT LONDON:
Printed by *Iohn Windet* for
Edward Blunt. 1606.

Eugenia. A maidene and a Noble Ladie.

Hyppolita, *Penelope,* } Ladie-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.

Wynnfred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.

Monford, A Noble Man, vnkle to Eugenia.

Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Monf.

Fowlewether, a french affected Trauayler, & a Captaine.

Sir Giles Goosecap: a foolish knight.

Sir Cuthbert Rudsbie, a blunt knight.

Sir Clement kingcob, a knight.

Lord Tales.

Lord Furnifall.

Bullaker, a french Page.

Iack } Pages
Will }

SIR GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter Bullaker with a Torche.

Bullaker.

THis is the Counteſſe *Eugenias* houſe I thinke, I can neuer hit of theis ſame Engliſh Cittie howſes, tho I were borne here: if I were in any Citty in Fraunce, I coulde find any houſe there at midnight.

Enter Iacke, and Will.

Iack. Theis two ſtrange hungrie knights (*VVil*) make the leaneſt trenchers that euer I waited on.

VVill. A plague on them *Iack*, they leaue vs no fees at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vſe to ſett their bones in ſiluer they pick them ſo cleane, ſee, ſee, ſee *Iack*, whats that?

Iack. A my worde (*VVill*) tis the great Baboone, that was to be ſeene in Southwarke.

VVill Is this he? gods my life what beaſtes were we, that we wood not ſee him all this while, neuer truſt mee if hee looke not ſomewhat like a man, ſee how pretely hee holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his keeper trowe, is he broke looſe?

Iack. Haſt euer an Apple about thee (*VVill*) weele take him vp ſure, we ſhall get a monſtrous deale of mony with him.

Will. That we ſhall (yfaith boy) and looke them here, heres a red cheekt apple to take him vp with.

Ia. Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our pro-uant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while.

Ia. Giue me the apple to take vp *Iacke*, becauſe my name is *Iacke*.

Will Hold thee *Iacke*, take it.

Ia. Come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

Bul. I will come to your Sir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my worde, Ile *Iacke* ye.

Will Gods me he ſpeakes *Iacke*, O pray pardon vs Sir.

Bul. Out ye *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmoſett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours: nay ile *Iackeſie* you alittle better yet.

both. Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs.

Bul. Pardon vs, out ye home-bred peaſants, plain engliſh, pardon vs, if you had parled, & not ſpoken, but ſaid *pardonne moy*, I wood haue pardon'd you, but ſince you ſpeake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo O pardonne moy monſieur.

Bul. Bien ie vous remercie, thers pardonne pour vous Sir now.

Will Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you ſeeme to bee a Squire of our order Sir.

Ia. Whoſe page might you be Sir.

Bul. I am now the great French Traualers page.

Wil Or rather the frech Traualers great page Sir, oh, oh

Bul. Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Comendations; whoſe valours within here at ſuper with the Coũtes *Eugenia*, whoſe propper eaters I take you two to be.

Will You miſtake vs not Sir.

Ia. This captain Fouleweather, alias Cõmendations (*Wil*) is the gallãt that wil needs be a ſutor to our Coũtes

Will Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome ſuiter to a faire Ladie, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can ſhowre into the lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a Cap-inado

Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their loyntes that giue him cauſe to worke vppon them ſo heauylie, that hee will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why hee will make the cold ſtones ſweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does ſo dominere, and raigne ouer women.

Will A plague of Captaine Fowleweather I remẽber him now *Jack*, and know him to be a dull moiſt braind Aſſe.

Ia. A Southerne man I thinke.

Will As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lapwing, & I know how he came to be a Captain, & to haue his Surname of Commendations.

Ia. How I preethee *Will?*

Will Why Sir he ſerued the great Ladie Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & becauſe a cood bruſh vp her ſilkes luſtely, ſhe thought hee would curry the enemies coates as ſoundly, and ſo by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

Ia. Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth alſo of his owne, he was euer after ſurnamde Captaine Commendations?

Will Right.

Bul. I Sir right, but if he had not ſaid right, my Captaine ſhoulde haue taken no wrong at his hardes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

Ia. What are thoſe two Knights names, that are thy captaines *Comrades*, and within at ſupper with our Lady?

Bul. One of their names Sir, is, Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe*, the others Sir *Cutt. Rudſeby*.

Will Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe* whats he a gentleman?

Bul. I that he is at leaſt if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe houſe is in Eſſex.

Ia. In Eſſex? did not his Auncеſtors come out of Londõ

Bul. Yes that they did Sir, the beſt *Goſecappes*

in

in England, comes out of *London* I assure you.

Will I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is *Sir Cutt. Rudeby* ?

Bul. A Northern man, or a VVesternmã I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word *Emphaticall* you shall partly know him; for tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicitie often times he trauailes himsele out of all good company.

Iack. Like enough; he trauaild for nothing else.

Will But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Goosecap* now Sir?

Bul. Sir *Gyles Goosecap* has alwayes a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for euery thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he another prettie phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the vanitie ant still in euery thing, and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

Ia. Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they haue land enough, but now muster your thirde person afore vs I beseech you,

Bul. The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir *Cutt. Rudesby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit a good bustling gallant talkes well at Rouers; he is two parts souldier, as slouenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard wil dead a Cannon shott better then a woolpacke: hee will come into the presence like yor Frenchman in foule bootes: and dares eate garlik as a prepratiue to his Courtship; you shall knowe more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

Wil That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Counte

Eugenia,

Eugenia, is in earneſt, a moſt worthy *Ladie*, and indeede can doe more then a thouſand other Ladies can doe I can tell ye.

Bul Whats that I pray thee?

Iack. Mary Sir, he meanes ſhe can do more then ſleep, and eate and drinke; and play at noddy, and helpe to make hir ſelfe readie.

Bul Can ſhe ſo?

Will She is the beſt ſcholler of any woman but one in England, ſhe is wiſe and vertuous,

Ia. Nay ſhee has one ſtrange qualitie for a woman beſides, tho theſe be ſtrange enough that hee has rekoned.

Bul. For Gods ſake whats that?

Ia. She can loue reaſonable conſtantly, for ſhe loued her huſband only, almoſt a whole yeere togeather.

Bul. Thats ſtrange indeed, but what is youre faire Ladie Sir?

Ia. My Ladie Sir, the Ladie *Hippolita*.

Will That is as chaſt as euer was *Hippolitus*.

Ia. (True my prettie *Parentheſis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe.

Bul. Strange tale to tell; howe canſt thou make this good my good *Aſſumpſit*.

Ia. Thus Sir, ſhe was betroathed to a galliant young gentleman that loude hir with ſuch paſſion and admiration that he neuer thought he could bee to bleſſed as to enioy her in full marriage, till the miniſter was marrying them, and euen then when he was ſaying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke pale, then going forwardes ſaying to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, or richer for poorer as long as we both ſhall liue, he lookt extreame pale; Now ſir when ſhe comes to ſpeake her parte, and ſaid, I *Hippolita* take thee *Charles*, hee began to faint for ioy, then ſaying to my wedded huſband, hee began to ſinke, but then going forth too for better for worſe he could

coulde ſtand no longer but with verie conceit it ſeemde that ſhee whome hee rendred as the beſt of all thinges, ſhoulde pronounce the worſt, and for his ſake too, hee ſuncke downe right, and died ſodenly: And thus being halfe married, & her halfe huſband wholy dead, I hope I may with diſcretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceiue me Sir?

Bul. O Lord Sir, I deuoure you quicke; and now Sir I beſeech you open vnto me your tother Ladie, what is ſhee?

Will Ile anſwere for her, becauſe I know her Ladiſhip to be a perfect maide indeed.

Bul How canſt thou know that?

Will Paſſing perfectly I warrant ye.

Ia. By meaſuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and ſlyp ouer her noſe?

Will No Sir no, by a rule that wil not ſlip ſo I warrant you, which for hir honours ſake I wil let ſlip vnto you, gods ſo *Iack*, I thinke they haue ſupt.

Ia. Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the while.

Will Well though they haue loſt their attendance, let not vs loſe our Suppers *Iack*.

Iack I doe not meane it, come Sir you ſhall goe in and drinke with vs yfaith.

Bul. Pardonne moy mounſieur.

both No pardoning in trueth Sir,

Bul. Ie [illegible] *mercy de-bon Cœur.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gooſecappe Rudeſby Foulweather Eugenia Hippol. Penelope, Wynne.

Rud. A plague on you ſweete Ladies, tis not ſo late, what needed you to haue made ſo ſhort a ſupper.

Goo. In truth Sir *Cutt.* we might haue tickled the vanitie ant, an howre longer if my watch be truſtible!

Foul. I but how ſhould theis bewties knowe that Sir *Gyles*? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

Goo.

Go. Thats sooth Captain, but do you hear honest friēd, pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I haue a Sunne diall will resolue presently.

Fo. Howsoeuer belieue it Ladies, tis vnwholesome, vncourtlie, vnpleasant to eate hastelie, & rise sodainly, a mā can shew no discourse, no witt, no stirring, no varietie, no prettie conceits, to make the meate goe down (emphaticaly,

Eu. Winnefred.

Win. Madam.

Eu. I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord *Momford*, and intreat him to come quicken our eares with some of his pleasant Spirit; This same *Fowleweather* has made me so melanchollie, prethie make haste.

Win. I will madam, *Exit.*

Hip. VVe will bid our guests good night madam, this same *Fowleweather* makes me so sleepie.

Pen. Fie vppon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements, heres such a fulsome aire comes into this chamber; in good faith madame you must keepe your house in better reparations, this same *Fowlweather* beats in so filthily.

Eng. Ile take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good night gentlemen.

Ru. VVhy good night & be hāgd, & youl needs be gon.

Goos. God giue you good night madams, thanke you for my good cheere, weele tickle the vanitie ant, no longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to supper at my lodging one of these mornings and that ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

Eu. Light the Ladie *Penelope*, and the Ladie *Hippolita* to their chambers, good night faire Ladies.

Hip. Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well after your light supper.

Eng. I warrant you Ladie I shall neuer be troubled with dreaming of my Frēch Suter. *Exeunt*

Ru. VVhy how now my *Frēchified* captain *Fowlweather*? by gods ludd thy Surname is neuer thought vpō here, I perceiue heeres no bodie giues thee any cōmendations.

Fo. VVhy this is the vntrauaild rudnes of our grose Eng-

 lish

leſh Ladies now, would any French Ladie vſe a man thus thinke ye? be they any way ſo vnciuil, and fulſome? they ſay they weare fowle ſmockes, and courſe ſmockes, I ſay they lie, and I will die int.

Rud. I, doe ſo, pray thee, thou ſhalt die in a very honorable cauſe, thy countries generall quarrell right.

Foul. Their ſmockes quoth you? a my worde you ſhal take them vp ſo white, and ſo pure, ſo ſweet, ſo Emphaticall, ſo moouing.

Rud. I marry Sir, I think they be continually mouing.

Foul. But if their ſmockes were Courſe or foule.

Rud. Nay I warrant thee thou careſt not, ſo thou wert at them.

Foul S'death they put not all their virtues in their ſmockes, or in their mockes, or in their ſtewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

Rud. But in their ſtewde pox, theres all their gentilitie.

Gooſ. Nay good Sir *Cutt.* doe not agrauate him no more.

Foul. Then are they ſo kinde, ſo wiſe, ſo familiare ſo noble, ſo ſweet in entertainment, that when you ſhal haue cauſe to deſcourſe or ſometimes to come neerer them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about you ill, why they will preſently breake with ye, in kind ſort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is with your tee[illegible]ir, this is your diſeaſe, and this is your medicine.

Gooſ. As I am true mortall Knight, it is moſt ſuperlatiuely good, this.

Foul. Why this is Courtly now, this is ſweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our peuiſhe dames are ſo proud, ſo preciſe, ſo coy, ſo diſdainfull, and ſo ſubtill, as the *Pomonean* Serpent, *mort dieu* the Punck of Babilon was neuer ſo ſubtill.

Rud. Nay doe not chafe ſo Captaine.

Foul. Your

Foul. Your Frenchman wood euer chafe Sir *Cutt*, being thus moude.

Rud. VVhat, and play with his beard ſo.

Foul. I and bryſtle, it doth expreſſe that paſſion of anger very full and emphaticall.

Gooſ. Nay good knight if your French wood bryſtle, let him alone, introth our Ladies are a little too coy and ſubtill Captaine indeed.

Foul. Subtle Sir *Giles Gooſecappe*? I aſſure your Soule, they are as ſubtill with their ſuters, or loue-, as the *Latine* Dialect where the nominatiue Caſe, and the verbe, the *Subſtantiue*, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the verbe, ſtand as far a ſunder, as if they were perfect ſtrangers one to another; and you ſhall hardly find them out, but then learne to Conſtrue, and perſe them, and you ſhall find them prepard, and acquainted, & agree together, in Caſe, gender, and number.

Gooſ. I deteſt Sir *Cutt*, I did not thinke hee had bin halfe the quintiſſence of a ſcholler he is.

Foul. Slydd theres not one of them truely emphatical.

Gooſ. Yes Ile enſure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are not fatt? are they Sir?

Foul. Fatt Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt Sir *Giles*?

Rud. Gods my life brother knight, didſt thou thinke ſo? hart I know not what it is my ſelf but yet I neuer thought it was fatt, Ile be ſworne to thee.

Foul. Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this new faſhioned ſute, to entertaine any thing in differently ſtuffed, why you ſhould haue had her more reſpectiue by farre.

Rud. Nay theres ſome reaſon for that Captaine, me thinks a true woman ſhould perpetually doate vppon a new faſhion.

Foul. VVhy y'are i'thright Sir *Cutt*. *Inuoua fert animus mutatas dicere formas*. tis the mind of man, and wo-

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatives for sooth, if he come like to your *Besognio*, or your bore, so he bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might neuer excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe, if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should not please them. *Lacquey? allume le torche.*

Rud. Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor *Lacquay* me thinks.

Foul. O mon dew.

Rud. O doe not sweare Captaine.

Foul. Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir *Cutt*, vpon the lacke of his *Lacquay* I assure you.

Goos. See heere he comes, and my *Ladies* two pages, they haue bin tickling the vanitie ont yfaith.

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter to them Iack, Bullaker, Will.

Ia. Captaine Fowleweather, my *Ladie* the Countes *Eugenia* commends hir most kindly to you, and is determined to morrowe morning earely if it be a frost to take her Coach to *Barnet* to bee nipt whereif it please you, to meet her, and accompany her homewarde, ioyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nippe her. She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will haue a ioyfull breakefast.

Foul. I shall indeed my deeare youth.

Rud. Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see: I said the Ladies respected thee not, and now I perceiue the widowe is in loue with thee.

Foul. Sblood knight I knew I had strucke her to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extrauagant fashion: I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship vppon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the French Ladies like a *Culuering Shot*, Ile be sworne; and I think Sir *Gyles* you saw how she fell vnder it.

Goos. O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

Rud. O good knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

Will. The other two *Ladies* commend them no lesse kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Cap-

Foul. Goos. Rud. O good Sir. (taine.

Goos. Our worſhips ſhal attend their *Ladiſhips* thether.

Ia. No Sir *Giles* by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

Rud. Meet them, weele die fort, but weele meet them.

Foul. Lets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gallants.

Rud. Content.

Ia. How greedely they take it in Sirra.

Goos. No it is too farre to goe to night, weele bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

Foul. Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere night S. *Gyles*

Goos. But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

Rud. VVhy dooſt thinke its any more?

Goos. I, Ile laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

Rud. VVhat to *Barnet?*

Gouſ. *I*, to *Barnet?*

Ru. Slidd, Ile laie a hūdred poūd with thee, if thou wilt.

Goos. Ile laie fiue hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am ſure it was foure yeares agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other *Animals*.

Ia. O wiſe Knight!

Goſ. I neuer Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber ſo full of theiſe Ridiculus Fleas, that I was faine to lie ſtanding all night, and yet I made my man riſe, and put out the candle too, becauſe they ſhould not ſee to bite me.

Foul. A prettie proiect.

Bul. Intruth Captain if I might aduiſe you, you ſhould tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

Foul. How? *O mon Dieu*, how the villaine *poultronne*, diſhonours his trauaile? you *Buffonly Mouchroun*, are you ſo mere rude, and Engliſh to aduiſe your Captaine?

Ru. Nay I prethie *Foule weather* be not tēpeſteous with thy poore Lacquay.

Foul. Tēpeſteous Sir *Cutt*, will your Frenchman thinke you, ſuffer his Lacquay to aduiſe him?

Go. O God

Go. O God you muſt take heed Lacquy how you aduiſe yourcaptain,your Frech lacquay would not haue donit.

Foul. He would haue bin poxt firſt: *Allume le torche*, ſweet pages commend vs to your Ladies, ſay wee kiſſe their white handes, and will not faile to meete them: knights which of you leades?

Goos. Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Beſides,thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it ſelfe,and Captaine Commendations.

Foul. VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendations?

Rud. VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am ſure, or elſe hang them,

Foul. VVhy, what if I bee harty Commendations, come, come, ſweete knights leade the way.

Rud. O Lorde *Sir*, alwaies after my hartie Commendations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer mee with preſident, by the Autenticall forme of all Iuſtice letters. *Allons.*

Exeunt.

Ia. Heres a moſt ſweet Gudgeon ſwallowed,is there not?

Will I but how will they diſgeſt it thinkeſt thou? when they ſhall finde our *Ladies* not there?

Ia. I haue vaunt-Curriing deuiſe ſhall make them digeſt it moſt heathfully. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA QVARTA.

Enter Clarence Muſicians.

Cla. VVorke on ſweet loue,I am not yet reſolud
T'exhauſt this troubled ſpring of vanities
And nurſe of perturbations,my poore life,
And therefore ſince in euery man that holds
This being deare, there muſt be ſome deſire
VVhoſe power to'enioy his obiect may ſo maske

The

The Iudging part that in her radyant eyes
His eſtimation of the world may ſeeme
Vpright, and worthy, I haue choſen loue
To blind my Reaſon with his miſtie handes
And make my eſtimatiue power beleiue
I haue a proiect worthy to imploy
VVhat worth ſo euer my whole man affordes:
Then ſit at reſt my Soule, thou now haſt found
Theende of thy infuſion, in the eyes
Of thy diuine *Eugenia* looke for heauen.
Cla. Thanks gentle friends *A ſong to the Viols.*
is your good Lord and mine, gon vp to bedd yet?

Enter Momford.

Mom. I do aſſure ye not Sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep,
and ſtudious friend, not yet muſicall *Clarence.*
Cla. My Lord?
Mom. Nor yet, thou ſole deuider of my Lordſhippe.
Cla. That were a moſt vnfit diuiſion
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes
I am your bold and conſtant gueſt my Lord.
Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou haſt known me long
Almoſt theis twentie yeares, and halfe thoſe yeares
Haſt bin my bedfellow, long time before
This vnſeene thing, this thing of nought inde'd
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordſhippe ſhinde in me
And yet thou makſt thy ſelfe as little boui
To take ſuch kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indiſſolable loue
As our acquaintance ſprong but yeſterday
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit.
Cla. My Lord, my want of Courtſhip makes me feare
I ſhould be rude, and this my meane eſtate
Meetes with ſuch enuie, and detraction
Such miſconſtructions, and reſolud miſdoomes
Of my poore worth, that ſhould I be adiaunc'd

Beyonde

Beyond my vnſeene lowenes, but one haire
I ſhould be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That flye in ill-lungd tempeſts through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her ſhoulders
If ſhe but looke out of the ground of glorie.
Twixt, whome, and me, and euery worldlie fortune
There fights ſuch ſowre, and Curſt *Antipathy*
So waſpiſhe, and ſo petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are rauiſht from their obiect, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes
And muſt not thinke of any place with men.

Mom. O harke you Sir, this waiwarde moode of yours muſt ſyfted be, or rather rooted out,
youle no more muſick Sir?

Cla. Not now my Lord,

Mom. Begon my maſters then to bedd, to bedd.

Cla. I thanke you honeſt friends *Exeunt Muſicians.*

Mo. Hence with this book, & now *Mounſieur Clarence*, methinks plaine & prote friendſhip would do excellent well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come Sir tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie, thus, and that both our ſides were ſlit, and Concorporat with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall paſſage euen for our very thoughts; ſuppoſe wee were one bodie now, and I charge you beleeue it; whereof I am the hart, and you the liu r.

Cla. Your Lordſhip might well make that diuiſion if you knew the plaine ſong.

Mom. O Sir, and why ſo I pray?

Cla. Firſt becauſe the heart, is the more worthy entraile, being the firſt that is borne, and moues, and the laſt that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine of heate too, for whereſoeuer our heate does not flowe directly from the hart to the other Organs, there, their action muſt of neceſſitie ceaſe, and ſo without you I nether would nor could liue.

Mom

Mom. VVel Sir for theſe reaſons I may be the heart, why may you be the liuer now?.

Cla. I am more then aſhamde, to tell you that my *Lord*.

Mom. Nay nay be not too ſuſpitious of my iudgemēt, in you I beſeech you: aſhamd friend? if your loue ouercome not that ſhame, a ſhame take that loue I ſaie. Come ſir why may you be the liuer?

Cla. The plaine and ſhort truth is (my *Lord*) becauſe I am all liuer, and tourn'd louer.

Mom. *Louer?*

Cla *Louer* yfaith my *Lord*.

Mom. Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for ioy why thou wilt not now reviue the ſociable mirth of thy ſweete diſpoſition? wilt thou ſhine in the world a new? and make thoſe that haue ſleighted thy loue, with the Auſteritie of thy knowledge, doate on the againe with thy commaunding ſhaft of their humors?

Cla. A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aime; and onely to fit my ſelfe a little better to your friendſhippe, haue I giuen theſe wilfull raygnes to my affections.

Mom. And yfaith is my ſower friend to all worldlie deſires ouertaken with the hart of the world? Loue I ſhall be monſtrous proud now, to heare ſhees euerie way a moſt rare woman that I know thy ſpirit, & iudgement hath choſen, is ſhe wiſe? is ſhe nobl? is ſhe capable of thy vertues? will ſhe kiſſe this forehead with iudiciall lipps? where ſo much iudgement & vertue deſerues it? Come brother Twinn, be ſhort I charge you, & name me the woman.

Cla. Since your *Lord*ſhip will ſhorten the length of my follies relation, the woman that I ſo paſſionatelie loue, is no worſe Ladie then your owne Neece, the too worthie Counteſſe *Eugenia*.

Mom. VVhy ſo, ſo, ſo, you are a worthie friend are you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

would not open it to your hart, now beſhrow my hart, if my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not, & they doe not, becauſe I will not ſet that at my heeles that my frends ſets at his hart, what? friend and Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confeſſe, but I wil preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) & leaue their friends woorſe then they found them,

Cla. But my noble *Lo.* it is almoſt a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman and farre ſhort of that ſtate and wealth that a Ladie of her greatneſſe in both will expect in her huſband.

Mom. Hold thy doubt friend, neuer feare any woman, vnleſſe thy ſelfe be made of ſtrawe, or ſome ſuch drie matter, and ſhe of lightning, *Audacitie* proſpers aboue probabilitie in all worldlie matters, doſt not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without order, and therefore reaſon the mother of order is none of her counſaile, why ſhould a man deſiring to aſpire an vnreaſonable creature which is a woman? ſeeke her fruition by reaſonable meanes, becauſe thy ſelfe buildes vppon reaſon, wilt thou looke for congruitie in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongſt one thouſand, but will ſpeake falſe Latine, and breake *Priſcians* head, attempt nothing that you may with great reaſon doubt of, and out of doubt you ſhall obtaine nothing, I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of ſtrong ſpirits is the onely wich-craft of this world, Spirits wraſtling with ſpirits, as bodies? with bodies this were enough to make thee hope well, if ſhe were one of theſe painted communities, that are rauiſht with Coaches, and vpper hands, and braue men of durt: but thou knoweſt friend ſhees a good ſcholler, and like enough to bite at the righteſt reaſon, and reaſon euermore, *Ad optima kortetur:* to like that which is beſt, not that which is braueſt, or richeſt, or greateſt, and ſo conſequently worſt, But proue what ſhe can, we will turne her, and winde her, and

mak

make her ſo plyant that we will drawe her through a wedding ring yfaith.

Cla. Would to god we might my *Lord*,

Mom. Ile warrant thee friend.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. here is miſtris *Winnyfred*; from my Lady *Eugenia* deſires to ſpeake with your *Lord*ſhippe.

Mom. Marrie enter miſtris *Winnifred* euen here I pray thee, from the *Ladie Eugenia*, doe you heare friend?

Cla. Very eaſilie on that ſide my *Lord*.

Mom. Let me feele? does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours ſir God, and vppon a verie honourable compoſition, I am ſent for now I am ſure, and muſt euen truſſe and to her:

Enter Winnyfred.

wittie miſtris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman. I am ſure this Gentleman thinkes his chamber the ſweeter for your ſweet preſence.

Win. My abſence ſhall thanke him my *Lord*.

Mom. VVhat rude Miſtris *Winnifred*? nay faith you ſhall come to him, and kiſſe him, for his kindeneſſe.

Win. Nay good my *Lord*, Ile neuer goe to the market, for that ware I can haue it brought hõe to my dore.

Mom. O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market folkes how the market goes.

Win. So you may my *Lord*, but I knowe fewe *Lords* that thinke ſcorne to go to that market thẽſelues.

Mom. To goe to it *Winnifred*, nay to ride to it yfaith.

Win. Thats more then I knowe my *Lord*.

Mom. Youle not belieue it then till you are a horſeback, will ye? (heare it?

Win. Come, come, I am ſent of a meſſage to you will you

Mom. Stoppe, ſtoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you haue audience ſo ſoone, there were no ſtate in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman ſir.

Win. Now we ſhall haue a fiction I beleiue.

Mom. Had three Suiters at once.

Wm. Youle leaue out none my Lord.

Mom, No more did you *Winnifred* you enterferde with them all in truth.

Win. O Monſtrous *Lord* by this light!

Mom. Now Sir to make my tale ſhort I will doe that which ſhe did not; vz. leaue out the two firſt, the third comming the third night for his turne.

Wm. My Lord, my *Lord*, my *Ladie* does that, that no bodie elſe does, deſires your companie and ſo fare you well.

Mom O ſtay a little ſweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to truſſe my pointes againe, and haue with you.

Wm. Not I by my truth my *Lord*, I had rather ſee your hoſe about your heeles, then I would helpe you to truſſe a point.

Mom. O wittie *Winnifred*! for that *Ieſt*, take thy paſſport, and tell thy *Ladies* thou leftſt me with my hoſe about my heeles.

Win. Well, well my *Lord* you ſhall ſit till the moſſe grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *exit.*

Mom. She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this verie fit my ſweete *Clarence*? Thou ſeeſt my rare Neece cannot ſleep without me; but for thy company ſake, ſhe ſhall to night; and in the morning I will viſit her earely; when doe thou but ſtand in that place, and the maieſt chance heare, (but art ſure to ſee) in what ſubtil and farre-fetcht manner Ile ſolicite her about thee.

Cla Thanks worthie *Lord*. *exeunt.*

Finis. Actus Primi

ACTVS SECVNDI SÆNA PRIMA

Clarence Solus.

Cl. I That haue ſtudied with world-ſcorning thoughts the waie of heauen, and how trew heauen is reacht

To

To know how mightie, and how many are
The ſtrange affections of inchaunted number
How to diſtinguiſh all the motions
Of the Celeſtiall bodies, and what powre
doth ſeperate in ſuch forme this maſſie Rownd:
VVhat is his Eſſence, Efficacies, Beames?
Footeſteps, and Shadowes? what Eterneſſes is
The world, and Time, and Generation?
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke (Springes
And vnreueald Originall of Things,
VVhat their perſeuerance? what is life and death,
And what our Certaine Reſtauration?
Am with the ſtaid heads of this Time imployd
To watch withall my Nerues a Female ſhade.

Enter Wynnefred, Anabell, with their ſowing workes and ſing: After their ſong Enter Lord Momford.

Mom. VVitty Miſtriſſe *Wynnefred*, where is your Counteſſe I pray?

Wyn. Faith your Lordſhip is bould enough to ſeeke her out, it ſhe were at her vrinall?

Mom. Then Sh'as done it ſeemes, for here ſhe comes to ſaue mee that labour, away wenches, get you hence wenches. *Exeun*

Eu. VVhat, can you not abide my maides vr .?

Mom. I neuer could abide a maid in my life Neece, but either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a wet finger.

Eu. You loue to make your ſelfe worſe then you are ſtil.

Mom. I know fewe mend in this world Madam, For the worſe the better thought on, the better the worſe ſpoken on euer amongſt women.

Eu. I wonder where you haue binne all this while with your ſentences.

Mom. Faith where I muſt be again preſently. I cannot ſtay long with you my deere Neece.

Eng. By

Eu. By my faith but you ſhall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you ſhortly, that you driue maids afore you, & offer to leaue widowes behind you, as mankindelie, as if you had taken a ſurfet of our *Sex* lately, and our very ſight turnd your ſtomacke.

Mom. Gods my life, She abuſes her beſt vnkle; neuer truſt mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the loſſe of her widowhead.

Eu. That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

Mom. Nay twere but a whole reuenge Neece, but ſuch a reuenge as woulde more then obſerue the true rule of a reuenge.

Eu. I know your rule before you vtter it, *Vlciſcere Inimico ſed ſine tuo incommodo.*

Mom. O rare Neece, you may ſee, what tis to bee a a ſcholler now, *Learning* in a woman is like waight in gold, or Luſter in Diamants, which in no other Stone is ſo rich or refulgent

Eug. But ſay deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to ſtay ſo long from me?

Mom. VVhy alas Neece, y'are ſo ſmeard with this willfull-widdowes-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you, but I dreame of Courſes, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore dew deere Neece.

Eug. Beſhrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe theis three houres.

Mom. Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her chamber) with any *Lady* ſo neere alide to me, I am verie idle iafith, marie with ſuch an other, I woulde daunce, one, two, three, foure, and fiue, tho it coſt me tenne ſhillings; and now I am in, haue at it, my head muſt deuiſe ſomething while my feet are pidling thus, that may bring her to ſome fit conſideration of my friend, who indeed is only a great ſcholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind.

Eug. Come, Come, pray tell me vnckle, how does my coſen

coſen *Momford*?

Mom. VVhy, well, verie well Neece, & ſo is my friend *Clarence* well too, & then is there a worthie gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye. *He daunceth ſpeaking*

Eug. But when did you ſee my Coſen?

Mom. And tis pittie but he ſhould do well, and he ſhall do well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eug. VVhat, meanes hee by this tro? your Lo: is verie dancitiue me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tel you a thing would make your Ladiſhip verie dancitiue, or elſe it were verie dunſatiue yfaith. O how the skipping of this Chriſtmas blocke of ours mones the blockheded heart of a womā? & indeed any thing that pleaſeth the fooliſh eye which preſently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the mind.

Eug. But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance ſay you?

Mom. VVel, farewell ſweet Neece I muſt needs take my leaue in carneſt.

Eug. Lord bleſſe vs, heres ſuch a ſtir with your farewels.

Mom. I wil ſee you againe within theſe two or three dayes a my word Neece.

Eug. Gods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a marualous ſtrange humor. Sit downe ſweet Vnckle, yfaith I haue to talke with you about greate matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, bee ſhorte vt r your mind quickly now.

Eug. But I pray tell me firſt, whats that would make me daunce yfaith?

Mom. Daunce, what daunce? hetherto your dauncers legges bow for-ſooth, and Caper, and Ierke, and Firke, and dandle the bodie aboue them, as it were their great childe; though the ſpeciall Ierker bee aboue this place I hope, here lies that ſhudd fetch a perfect woman ouer the Coles yfaith.

Eug. Nay good Vnckle ſay whats the thing you could

could tel me of.

Mom. No matter, no matter: But let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of anexceeding happie distãce betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheekes; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

Eug. VVhy, how now Vnckle did you neuer see mee before?

Mom. Yes Neece; but the state of these thinges at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outwarde signes being now in this cleere eleuation, showe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a litle deere Neece.

Eug. This is excellent.

Mom. The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart aboue it most exceeding good. Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the prediction of a most diuine fortune towards her; now if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

Eug. VVell my Lorde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whose concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

Mom. Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kind conjuration euen fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Iudgment togeather, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my Soule then my frie̅d *Clarence* of too substantiall a worth, to haue any figures cast about him, (notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreamely in loue; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the world of you both.

Vir

Non illo melior quiſquam nec amantior æqui
Vir fuit, aut illa reuerentior vlla Deorum.

Eug. Ay me poore Dame, O you amaſe me Vnckle,
Is this the wondrous fortune you preſage?
VVhat man may miſerable women truſt?

Mom. O peace good Ladie, I come not to rauiſhe you to any thir g. But now I ſee how you accept my motion: I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you eſteeme me. Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your Iudgment, that I might not proone their ſtrength too ſodainly with ſo violent a charge: And doe they fight it out in white bloud. And ſhowe me their hearts in the ſoft Chriſtall of teares

Eug. O vnckle you haue wounded your ſelfe in charging me that I ſhould ſhun Iudgement as a monſter, if it woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this worlde in a woorthie friende, and to ſee him ſo vnworthely reuolted, I ſhedd not the teares of my *Brayne*, but the teares of my ſoule. And if euer nature made teares theffects of any worthie cauſe, I am ſure I now ſhedde them worthelie.

Mom. Her ſenſuall powers are vp yfaith, I haue thruſt her ſoule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes vacans* when her ſubiects are prieledged to l' ell againſt her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the wounds of my friendſhippe? and I toucht in friendſhip for wiſhing my friende doubled in her ſingular happineſſe?

Eug. How am I doubl'd? when my honour, and good name, two eſſentiall parts of mee; woulde bee leſſe, and loſt?

Mom. In whoſe Iudgment?

Eug. In the iudgment of the world.

Mom. Which is a fooles boult. *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio*: But my deare Neece,

It is moſt true that your honour and good name tendred as they are the ſpecies of truth are worthilie two eſſentiall parts of you; But as they conſiſt only in ayrie titles and corrupteble blood (*whoſe bitternes ſanitas et nonnobilitas efficit*) and care not how many baſe and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternitie. And yet ſhal no nobilitie you haue in either, be impaired neither.

Eu. Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

Mom. Reſpect him not ſo, for as he is a gentleman he is noble; as he is welthilie furniſhed with true knowledge, he is rich and therein adorn'd with the exacteſt complements belonging to euerlaſting nobleneſſe

Eug. Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such kinde of nobleneſſe giues no cotes of honour nor can ſcarſe gette a cote for neceſſitie.

Mom. Then is it not ſubſtantiall knoweledge (as it is in him) but verball and fantaſticall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.*

Eug. VVhy ſeekes he me then?

Mom. To make you ioynt partners with him in all thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that vniuerſall ioynture: The bigneſſe of this circle held too neer our eye keepes it frō the whole Sphеare of the Sunne; but could we ſuſtaine it indifferently betwixt vs and it, it would then without checke of cleare beame appeare in his fulnes.

Eug. Good Vnckle be content for now ſhall I neuer dreame of contentment.

Mom. I haue more then done Ladie, and had rather haue ſuffer'd an alteration of my being then of your Iudgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour ſake repaire it inſtantly.

Enter Hippolita, Penelope. Jack. Will.

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day one deare loue and be ſodainely cheere-

full

full God ſaue you more then faire Ladies, I am lad your come, for my buſines will haue me gone preſently.

Hip. VVhy my Lord *Momford* I ſay? wil you goe before dinner?

Mom. No remedie ſweete *Bewties*, for which rudeneſſe I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:

Pen. O Courteous Lord *Momford!*

Mom. Neece? *Mens eſtque ſola quietus.*
Sola facit claros mentemque honoribus ornat. *exit*

Eug *Verus honos Iuuat at mendax infamia terret.*

Mon. Mine owne deare nephew?

Cla. VVhat ſucceſſe my Lord?

Mom. Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee all. *exeunt*

Hip. Doe you heare madam, how our youthes here haue guld our three ſuiters?

Eug not I *Ladie*, I hope our ſuiters are no fit meat for our Pages.

Pe. No madam, but they are fit ſawce for anie mans meat Ile warrant them.

Eug. VVhat's the matter *Hippolita*?

Hp. They haue ſent the knightes to *Barnet* madam this troſtie morning to meete vs their.

Eug I'ſt true youths, are knights fit ſubiects for your knaueries?

Wil. Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to pleaſe anie body.

Ia. I indeed madam and we were ſure we pleaſ'd thē highly to tell thē you were deſirous of their companie.

Hip. O twas good *Eugenia*, their liuers were too hot, you know, and for temper ſake they muſt needes haue a cooling carde plaid vpon them.

Wil. And beſides madam we wood haue them knowe that your two little Pages, which are leſſe by halfe

then two leaues, haue more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

Ia. I faith *Will*, and putt their great pagicall index to them too.

Hip. But how will ye excuſe your abuſes wags?

Will We doubt not madam, but if it pleaſe your Ladiſhip to put vp their abuſes,

Ia. Truſting they are not ſo deere to you, but you may.

Will Wee ſhall make them gladly furniſhe their pockets with them.

Hip. VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will, and let the world knowe now, women haue nothing to doe with you.

Pe. Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almoſt readie, *Enter Tales Kingcob.*

Hip. And ſee, here are two honorable gueſtes for you, the Lord *Tales*, and Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

Ta. Lacke you any gueſts madam?

Eu. I my Lord ſuch gueſts as you.

Hip Theres as common an anſwere, as yours was a queſtion my Lord.

King. VVhy ſal things ſhood be cõmon betwixt Lords, and Ladies you know.

Pen Indeed Sir *Kutberd Cingcob*, I haue heard, you are eit r of the familie of *Loue*, or of no religion at all.

Eug. We may well be ſaid to be of the family of *Loue*, he does ſo ſlowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne Ladies.

King. You ſpeake of that I wood doe madam, but in earneſt, I am now ſuing for a newe miſtres; looke in my hand ſweet Ladie, and tell mee what fortune I ſhall haue with her.

Eug. Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

King. Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee learnd in all thinges.

Eug. Come on lets ſee.

Hip. He

Hip. He does you a ſpeciall fauour *Ladie*, to giue you his open hand, for tis commonly ſhut they ſay.

King. VVhat find you in it madam?

Eug. Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

King. VVhat now *Ladi.*?

Eug. Y'aue the worſt hand that euer I ſaw knight haue, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis ſhutt one can get nothing out on't.

King. The age of letting goe is paſt madam, wee muſt not now let goe, but ſtrike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

Eug. A good Corniſh principle beliene it Sir *Cuthberd.*

Tales But I pray tell me *Ladie Penelope*, how entertaine you the loue of my Coſen Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe.*

Pene. Are the *Gooſecaps* akin to you my Lord.

Ta. Euen in the firſt degree madam. And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he ſeeme ſomething ſimple, is compoſd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

Hip. He ſhood be put vp for concealement then, for he ſhewes none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts my *Lord*?

Ta. Ile doe the beſt *I* can *Ladie*, firſt, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue ſeene him daunce vpon Egges, and a has not broken them.

Pen. Nor crackt them neither.

Ta. That I know not, indeed I wood bee 'oath, to lie though he be my kinſman, to ſpeake mor' en I know by him.

Eug. VVell forth my *Lord.*

Ta. He has an excelẽt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloues frõ fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

Hip. A prettie ſweet qualitie beliene me.

Tales Nay *Ladie* hee will perfume you gloues him ſelfe; moſt dilicately, and giue them the right Spaniſh Titillation.

Pene. Titillation

Titillation whats that my *Lord*?

Tal. VVhy *Ladie* tis a pretty kinde of terme newe come vp in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded my *Lord*; forth with your kinſmans parts I pray.

Tal. Hee is the beſt Sempſter of any woman in England, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and French purles from an Angell to foure Angells a yearde.

Eug. Thats pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall ſauor.

Hip. This is wonderfull; forth ſweet *Lord Tales*.

Tal. He will make you flyes and wormes, of all ſortes moſt liuely, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whoſe lightes a has ſo perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

Pene. Neuer truſt me if it be not incredible; forth my good *Lord*.

Tal. Hee is a moſt excellent Turner, and will turne you waſſel bowles, and poſſet Cuppes caru'd with *Liberdes* faces, and *Lyons* heades with ſpoutes in their mouthes, to let out the poſſet Ale, moſt artificially.

Eug. Forth good *Lord Tales*.

Pene. Nay good my *Lord* no more, you haue ſpoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

Hip. I lay my life *Cupid* has ſhott my ſiſter in loue with him out of your lipps my *Lord*.

Eug. VVel, come in my *Lords*, and take a bad dinner with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to a better ſupper with the *Lord*, and *Ladie Furnifall*.

King. Tale. VVe attend you honorable Ladies.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Rudeſby Gooſecappe.

Rud. *Bullaker.*

Bul. I Sir.

Rud. Ride and catch the Captaines horſe.

Bul. So I doe Sir.

Rud. I wonder Sir *Gyles* you wood let him goe ſoe, and not ride after him.

Gooſ. VVood I might neuer be mortall Sir *Cutt:* if I ridd not after him, till my horſe ſweat, ſo that he had nere a drie thread on him, & hollod & hollod to him to ſtay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue gon off with hollowings; Ile be ſworn to ye & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*, and would neuer ſtay for vs.

Rud. How ſhall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to London, now his horſe is gone?

Gooſ. Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir *Moyle*, we ſhal ſoone ouertake him I warrant ye.

Rud. And yet thou ſaiſt thou gallopſt after him as faſt as thou coodſt, and coodſt not Catch him; I lay my life ſome Crabfiſhe has bitten thee by the tongue, thou ſpeakeſt ſo backward ſtill.

Gooſ. But heres all the doubt Sir *Cutt:* nobodie ſhoold catch him now, when hee comes at London, ſome boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride him hotte into the water to waſhe him; Ile bee ſworne I followed one that ridd my horſe into the Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and if it had not beene for feare of going ouer ſhooes, becauſe I am troubled with the rheume, I wood haue taught him to waſhe my horſe when hee was hott yfath; *Enter Foul.* how now ſweet Captain doſt feele any eaſe in thy payne yet?

Rud. Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine I thinke, but wood any asse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and neuer light

Foul. Gods pretious Sir *Cutt*, your Frenchman neuer lights I tell ye.

Goos. Light Sir *Cutt*, Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a patrie English frost an them all shood make me light.

Rud. Goe too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long, till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Goos. Why Sir *Cut*: I care not if I be not sound so I be well, but we were iustly plaugde by this hill, for following women thus.

Foul. I and English women too sir *Giles*.

Rud. Thou art still prating against English women I haue seene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants, for men in *Fraunce*, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there should be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs, and our Lords are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticallitie.

Foul. O Lord sir *Cut*, I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords talk for Courtshippe, and yet the french Lords put them downe, you noted it *sir Giles*.

Goos. O God sir, I stud and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

Rud. How did they put them downe I pray thee?

Foul. Why for wit, and for Court-shippe Sir *Moile*.

Foul. As how good lefthandded *Francois*.

Foul. VVhy Sir when *Monsieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Ladie *Hippolita* as she sate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*, hee kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint French *start* in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now saies hee for

your

in his ſpeech of ah *belliſsime* I deſire to die now ſaies he for your loue that I might be buried here.

Rud. A good pick-thacht complement by my faith; but I prethee what anſwer'd ſhe.

Foul. She, I ſcorne to note that I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third hah to it, if I had been as my miſtris, and hah, hah, haht him out of the preſence yfaith,

Foul. Hah ſaies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *Fraunce*, they wood renewe all our ciuill-wars againe.

Gooſe. That was not ſo good me thinkes captaine.

Rud. Welliudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that I muſt cõfeſſe, but ſhe put him down far, & aũſwered him with aqueſtiõ & that was whether he wood ſeem a louer or a ieſter, if a louer a muſt tel her far more lykelier then thoſe, or elſe ſhe was far frõ belieuing thẽ, if a Ieſter, ſhe cood haue much more ridiculous ieſts then his of twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him ſhe had as lieue be courted with a bruſh faggot as with a frẽchman, that ſpẽt it ſelfe al in ſparks, & would ſooner fire ones chimney then warme the houſe, and that ſuch ſparkes were good enough yet to ſet thatcht diſpoſitiõs a fire, but hers was tild with ſleight, and reſp ted thẽ as ſleightly.

Gooſ. VVhy ſo Captaine, and yet you tal. of your great frenchmen, to God little England had neuer knowne them I may ſay.

Foul. VVhat's the matter ſir *Giles*, are you out of loue with frenchmen now of a ſodaine.

Gooſ. Slydd captaine VVood not make one, Ile be ſworne, Ile be ſworne, they tooke away a maſtie dogge of mine by commiſſion now, I thinke on't makes my teares ſtand in my eyes with greefe, I had rather loſt the deareſt friend that euer I lay withal, in my life be this light, neuer ſtir if

if hee fought not with great *Sekerſon* foure hours to one, ore moſte take vp hindmoſte, and tooke ſo many loaues from him, that hee ſterud him preſently: So at laſt the dogg cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the beare being heauie with hunger you know, fell vppon the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuer ſtird more.

Rud. VVhy thou ſaiſt the frenchmen tooke him away.

Goos. Frenchmen, I, ſo they did too, but yet and hee had not bin kild, twood nere a greeud me.

Foul. O excellent vnitie of ſpeach.

Enter Will and Iacke at ſeuerall doores.

Will Saue ye knights.

Ia. Saue you Captaine.

Faul. Pages, welcome my fine pages.

Rud. Welcome boyes.

Goos. VVelcome ſweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

Foul. But how chaunce you are ſo farre from London now pages, is it not almoſt dinner time.

Will Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for once, and cood not chuſe in pure loue to your worſhips, but we muſt needs come and meet you, before you mett our Ladies, to tell you a ſecret.

Omnes A ſecrett, what ſecret I pray thee?

Ia. If euer your worſhips ſay any thing, weare vndone for euer.

Omnes Not for a world beleue it.

Will VVny then this it is, wee ouerheard our Ladies as they were talking in priuate ſay they refuſde to meet you at *Barnet* this morning of purpoſe, becauſe they wood try which of you were moſt patient.

Ia. And ſome ſaid you, Sir *Gyles*, another you Sir and the third you Captaine,

Om. This was excellent.

Will Then did they ſweare one another not to excuſe themſelues to you by any meanes, that they might trie you the better, now if they ſhal ſee you ſay nothing in the

world

worlde to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to trie their ſuters once, I hope your wiſedomes can iudge a little.

Foul. O ho my little knaue let vs alone now yfaith, wood I might be Caſheird, if I ſay any thing.

Rud. Faith and I can forbeare my Tongue as well as another I hope.

Goos. VVood I might be degraded if I ſpeake a word, Ile tell them I care not for looſing my labour.

Foul. Come knights ſhall we not reward the pages?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, Sir *Gyles* giue the boyes ſomething.

Goos. Neuer ſtirre Sir *Cutt*, if I haue euer a groat about me but one three pence.

Foul. VVell knights ile lay out fors all, here my fine pages.

Will No in deed ant pleaſe your worſhippe.

Foul. O pages refuſe a gentlemans bountie.

Ia. Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you ſweete Captaine

Foul. And what other newes is ſtirring my fine villiacos.

Will Marrie Sir they are inuited to a greate ſupper to night to your Lords houſe Captaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will bee your great coſen Sir *Gyles Goſecappe*, the Lorde *Tales*, and your vncle Sir *Cutt.* R*idgeſby*, Sir *Cutbert Kingcob.*

Foul. The Lord *Tales*, what countriman is hee?

Ia. A kentiſh Lord Sir, his auncеſtors came forth of Canterburie.

Foul. Out of Canterburie.

Will I indeed Sir the beſt *Tales* in England are your Canterburie *tales*, I aſſure ye.

Rud. the boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. Hee writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and hee being the tenth ſonne his father had; his father Chriſtned him *Decem Tales*, and ſo his whole name is the

Lord *Decoms Tales.*

Goos. A my mortallitie the boy knowes more then I doe of our houſe.

Rud. But is the Ladie *Furnifall* (Captaine) ſtill of the ſame drinking humor ſhe was wont to be.

Foul. Still of the ſame knight, and is neuer in any ſociable vaine till ſhe be typſie, for in her ſobrietie ſhee is madd, and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

King. And therefore as I hear he will earneſtly inuite gueſtes to his houſe, of purpoſe to make his wife dronk, and then dotes on her humor moſt prophanely.

Foul. Tis very true knight; wee will ſuppe with them to night; and you ſhall ſee her; and now *I* thinke ont, ile tell you a thing knights, wherein perhaps you may exceedinly pleaſure me.

Goos. VVhats that good Captain.

Foul. I am deſirous to helpe my *Lord* to a good merrie Foole, & if I cood help him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I aſſure ye.

Rud. Sblood thou ſpeakeſt to vs as if wee cood ſerue thy turne.

Foul. O *Fraunce* Sir *Cutt*: your Frenchman wood not haue taken me ſo for a world, but becauſe Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merrie.

Rud. As thou dooſt.

Goos. Nay good Sir *Cutt*: you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowſt it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare with Choller Sir *Gyles*.

Will. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole ſo faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

Ia. You mean a wench, do you not Sir, a fooliſh wēch?

Foul. Nay I wood haue a man foole, for his Lord: page.

Will Does his Lord: loue a foole, ſo wel I pray.

Foul. Aſſure thy ſelfe page, my *Lord* loues a foole as

he loues himſelfe.

Ia. Of what degree wood you haue your Foole *Sir*, for you may haue of all maner of degrees.

Foul. Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall foole, one that wood make my *Lorde* laugh well, and I carde not,

Will Laugh well (vm) then wee muſt know this Sir, is your *Lorde* Coſtiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laughter?

Foul. Nay he is good merrie little *Lorde*, and indeed ſomething *Laxatiue* of *Laughter*.

Will. Why then Sir the leſſe witt will ſerue his *Lord*ſhips turne, marrie if he had bin Coſtiue of laughter, hee muſt haue had two or three drams of witt the more in his foole, for we muſt miniſter according to the quãtity of his *Lord*: humor you know, and if he ſhood haue as much Witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter, as if hee were Coſtiue of Laughter, why he might laugh himſele into an *Epilepſie*, and fall down dead ſodainly, as many haue done with the extremitie of that paſſion; and I know your *Lord* cares for nothing, but the health of a foole.

Foul. Thart ith right my notable good page.

Ia. Why, and for that health *Sir* we will warrant his *Lord*ſhip, that if he ſhould haue all *Bacon de ſanitate tuenda* reade to him, it ſhood not pleaſe his Lordſhip ſo well as our foole ſhall.

Foul. Remercy my more then Engliſh pages.

Gooſ. A my word I haue not ſeene pages haue ſo much witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almoſt french Elixers, will you helpe my Lord to a foole, ſo fitt for him as you ſay.

Will As fitt, Ile warrãt you Captain, as if he were made for him, and hee ſhall come this night to ſupper, and foole where his *Lord* ſits at table.

Foul. Excellent fitt, faile not now my ſweet pages.

Ia. Not

Ia. Not for a world ſir, we will goe both, and ſeeke him preſently.

Foul. Doe ſo my good wagges

Wil. Saue you knights.

Ia. Saue you Captaine.

Exeunt.

Foul. Farewell my prettie knaues, come knights, ſhall we reſolue to goe to this Supper?

Rud. VVhat elſe.

Goos. And let's prouide torches for our men to ſit at dore withall captaine.

Foul. That we will I warrant you ſir *Giles*.

Rud. Torches? why the Moone will ſhine man.

Goos. The moone Sir *Cut*: I ſcorne the moone yfaith, Slydd ſometimes a man ſhal not get her to ſhine & if he wood giue her a couple of Capons, and one of them muſt be white too, God for giue me I cud neuer abide her ſince yeſterday, ſhe ſeru'de me ſuch a trick tother night.

Rud. VVhat trick ſir *Gyles*?

Goos. VVhy ſir *Cut*: cauſe the daies be mortall and ſhort now you knowe, and I loue daie light well; I thought it went a waie faſter then it needed, and run after it into *Finſburie*-fieldes ith calme euening to ſee the windemils goe; & euen as I was going ouer a ditch the moone by this light of purpoſe runnes me behind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch by heauen.

Rud. That was ill done in her in deed ſir *Giles*,

Goos. Ill done ſir *Cut*: Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but and ſhe haue noe more good manners, but to make euery black ſlouenly cloude a pearle in her eye I ſhall nere loue Engliſh moone againe, while I liue I le beſworne to ye,

Foul. come knights to London horſe, horſe, horſe.

Rud. In what a caſe he is with the poore Engliſh moone, becauſe the French moones (their torches) will-

be

be the leſſe in faſhion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee ſay nothing, hee ſeconds his reſolute chaſe ſo and followes him, Ile lay my life you ſhall ſee them the next cold night, ſhut the mooneſhine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I diſcredit my witt with their companies now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them preſently.

Exit.

Enter Lorde Monford and Clarence.

Clarence Horatio.

Cla. Sing good *Horatio*, while I ſigh and write.
According to my maſter *Platos* minde
The Soule is muſick, and doth therefore ioy
In accents muſicall, which he that hates
With points of diſcorde is togeather tyed
And barkes at *Reaſon*, Conſonant in ſence.
Diuine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme
Of muſicke and of *Reaſon*, and preſents
The Soule exempt from fleſh in fleſh inflam'd,
Who muſt not loue hir then, that loues his ſoule?
To her I write, my friend, the ſtarre of friends
Will needs haue my ſtrange lines greet her ſtrange eies
And for his ſake ile powre my poore Soule forth
In floods of Inke; but did not his kind hand
Barre me with violent grace, I wood conſume.
In the white flames of her impaſſionate Loue
Ere my harſh lipps ſhood vent the odorous blaze.
For I am deſperate of all worldly Ioyes
And there was neuer man ſo harſh to men,
When I am fulleſt of digeſted life
I ſeeme a liueleſſe *Embrion* to all
Each day rackt vp in night like Funerall.
Sing good *Horatio*, whilſt I ſigh and write.

Canto.

The

The Letter.

Suffer him to loue that ſuffers not louing, my loue is without paſsion and therefore free from alteration.

Proſe is too harſh, and verſe is poetrie
VVhy ſhood I write then? merrit clad in Inke
Is but a mourner, and as good as naked
I will not write my friend ſhall ſpeake for me
Sing one ſtaue more my good *Horatio*.

Canto.

I muſt remember I knowe whom I loue,
A dame of learning, and of life exemt
From all the Idle fancies of her ſex,
And this that to an other dame wood ſeeme
Perplext and ſoulded in a rudeke ſſe vaile
Wilbe more cleere then ballads to her eye
Ile write, if but to ſatiſfie my friend.
Your third ſtaue ſweet *Horatio* and no more.

Canto.

How vainely doe I offer my ſtrange loue?
I marrie, and bid ſtates, and entertaine
Ladies with tales and ieſts, and Lords with newes
And keepe a houſe to feaſt *Acleons* hounds
That eate their maiſter, and let ydell gueſts
Drawe me from ſerious ſearch of things diuine
To bid them ſit, and welcome, and take care
To ſooth their pal ats with choyce kytchin-ſtuff
As all muſt doe that marrie and keepe houſe
And then looke on the left ſid of my yoake
Or on the right perhaps and ſee my wife
Drawe in a quite repugnant courſe from me
Buſied to ſtarch her french purles, and her puffs
When I am in my *Anima reflexa*
quid ſit felicitas, qua origo rerum?
And make theſe beings that are knowne to be
The onely ſerious obiects of true men
Seeme ſhadowes, with ſubſtanti all ſtir ſhe keepes
About her ſhadowes, which if huſbands loue

the

They muſt believe, and thus my other ſelfe
Brings me another bodie to diſpoſe
That haue alreadie much too much of one,
And muſt not looke for any Soule of her
To helpe two rule two bodies.
Mom. Fie for ſhame,
I neuer heard of ſuch an antedame.
Doe women bring no helpe of ſoule to men?
VVhy friend they either are mens ſoules themſelues
Or the moſt wittie Imitatrixes of them
Or prettieſt ſweet apes of humaine Soules,
That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue.
For firſt they be *Subſtantiæ lucidæ*
And purer then mens bodies like their ſoules,
VVhich mens harſh haires both of their breſt & chinne
Occaſiond by their groſe and ruder heate
Plainely demonſtrates: Then like ſoules they doe,
Mouere corpora, for no power on earth
Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does!
Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*
Or adde faire formes to men, as their ſoules doe:
For but for women, who wood care for formes?
I vowe I neuer wood waſhe face, nor hands
Nor care how ragg'd, or ſlouenlie I went
VVer't not for women, who of all mens pompes
Are the true finall cauſes: Then they make
Men in their Seedes imortall like their Soules
That els wood periſh in a ſpanne of time.
Oh they be Soulelike-Creatures, and my Neece
The Soule of twentie rare Soules ſtild in one.
Cla. That, that it is my Lord, that makes me loue.
Mom. Oh are ye come Sir, welcome to my Neece
As I may ſay at midnight gentle friend
What haue you wrott I pray?
Cla. Strange ſtuffe my Lord.
Mom. Indeed the way to believe is to loue
And the right way to loue is to believe,

He reads and comments.

This I will carry now with pen and Incke
For her to vſe in anſwere, ſee, ſweet friend
She ſhall not ſtay to call, but while the ſteele
Of her affection is made ſofte and hott,
Ile ſtrike and take occaſion by the browe.
Bleſt is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*

Cla. Had euer man ſo true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this ſharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour and iudiciall loue,
VVood ſuffer ſuch a floriſhing pyne in beth
To ouerlooke the boxe-trees of this time?
VVhen the learnd mind hath by impulſion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame.
No elementall ſmoke can darken it
Nor Northen coldnes nyppe her *Daphnean* flower,
O ſacred friendſhippe thanks to thy kind power
That being retir'd from all the faithles worlde
Appearſt to me in my vnworldly friend,
And for thine owne ſake let his noble mind
By mouing preſedent to all his kind
(Like iuſt *Deucalion*) of earths ſtonie bones
Repaire the world with humane bloud and fleſh
And dying vertue with new life refreſh. *Exit.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Talet, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolita, Penelope, Winnifred.

King. Tis time to leaue your Cheſts Ladies tis too ſtudious an exerciſe after dinner.

Tal. Why is it cal'd Cheſts?

Hip. Becauſe they leane vppon their Cheſts that play at it.

Tal I wood haue it cald the ſtrife of wittes, for tis a game ſo wittie, that with ſtrife for maiſterie, wee hunt it eagerly.

Eug. Specially

Eug Specially where the wit of the *Goosecaps* are in chase my Lord.

Tal. I am a *Goosecappe* by the mothers side madam, at least my mother was a *Goosecappe*.

Pen. And you were her white sonne, I warrant my Lord.

Tal. I was the yongest Ladie, and therefore must be her white sonne ye know, the youngest of tenne I was.

Hip. And the wisest of Fifteene.

Tal. And sweet Ladie will ye cast a kind eye now vpon my Cosin, Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*.

Pen. Pardon my Lord I haue neuer a spare eye to cast away I assure ye.

Tal. I wonder you shood Count it cast away Ladie vppon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good partes I rehearst to you.

Pen. Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England, pray lets see some of his worke?

Hip. Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

Tal. You shall a mine honour Ladie.

Eug. Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettelie.

King. From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he shall play with any knight in England Ladie.

Eug. But not *è conuerso*, from the Spanish needle to the Spanish pike.

King. I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam, for he has 20. miles length in land lies togeather, and hee wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a pike.

Hip. But no man commends my blount Seruant Sir *Cutt Rudesby* methinks.

King. Hee is a kind gentleman Ladie though hee bee blunt, and is of this humor, the more you presume vppon him without Ceremonie, the more

he loues you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once and will ſay nothing but ſtill vſe him, you may melt him into any kindeneſſe you will; he is right like a woman, and had rather, you ſhood bluntlie take the greateſt fauour you can of him, then ſhamefaſtly intreat it.

Eug He ſaies wel to you *Hippolita*.

Hip I madam, but they ſaie, he will beat one in Ieſt, and byte in kindeneſſe, and teare ones ruffes in Courtſhippe.

King. Some that he makes ſport withall perhappes, but none that he reſpects I aſſureye.

Hip. And wha'ts his liuing ſir *Cutbeard*?

King. Some two thouſand a yeare *Ladie*.

Hip. I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I ſtand not vpon liuing.

King O Good *Ladie* who can liue without liuing?

Enter Monford.

Mon Still heere *Lordings*? good companions yfaith, I ſee you come not for vittles.

Tal. Vittles, my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at home.

Mon. I but ſweet *Lord*, there is a principle in the Polititians phiſicke, Eat not your meat vpon other mens trenchers, & beware of ſurfits of your owne coſte manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire *Ladie* Feeres?

Eug. VVhat winde blowes you hether troe?

Mon. Harke you madam, the ſweete gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper ſayle blowes me hether.

Eug. Ayeme ſtil, in that humor? beſhrowe my hart if I take anie Papers from him.

Mon. Kinde bolome doe thou take it then.

Eug. Nay

Eug. Nay then neuer truſt me.

Mom. Let it fall then, or caſt it awaie you were beſt, that euerie bodie may diſcouer your loue ſuits, doe; theres ſombodie neare if you note it, and how haue you ſpent the time ſince dinner nobles?

King. At cheſts my *Lords*,

Mom. Read it neece.

Eug. Heere beare it backe I pray.

Mom. I beare you on my backe to heare you; and how play the *Ladies* ſir *Cuthbert*, what men doe they play beſt withall, with knights or rookes?

Tal. With knights my Lord.

Mom. T'is pitty their boord is no broader, and that ſome men caled guls are not added to their game

King. Why my *Lo.* it needs not, they make the knights guls.

Mom Thats pretty ſir *Cuthbert*; you haue begon I know Neece, forth I commaund you.

Eug. O yare a ſweete vnckle.

Mom. I haue brought her a little *Greeke*, to helpe me out withal, and ſhees ſo coy of her learning for ſooth ſhe makes it ſtrange: *Lords*, and Ladies, I inuite you al to ſupper to night, and you ſhal not denie me.

All. VVe will attend your *Lordſhippe*.

Tal. Come *Ladies* let's into the gallerie a little.

exeunt

Mom. And now what ſaies mine owne deare neece yfaith?

Eug. VVhat ſhood ſhe ſaie to the backſide of a paper.

Mom. Come, come, I knowe you haue byn a'the bellie ſide.

Eug. Now was there euer Lord ſo prodigall, of his owne honor'd blood, and dignity?

Mom. Away with theſe ſame horſe-faire alligations, will you anſwere the letter?

Eug. Gods my life you goe like a cuning ſpokes man, man

man, anſwere vncle? what doe ye thinke me deſperate of a huſband

Mom. Not ſo neece, but careleſſe of your poore vncle.

Eug. I will not write that's certaine.

Mom. What wil you haue my friend and I perriſh, doe you thirſt our bloods?

Eug. O yare in a mightie danger noe doubt on't.

Mom. If you haue our bloods beware our ghoſtes I can tell ye, come will ye write?

Eug. I will not write yfaith.

Mom. yfaith dame, then I muſt be your ſecretarie I ſee, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and Ile write.

Eug. If you write no otherwiſe then I dictate, it will ſcarce proue a kinde anſwere I beleeue.

Mom. But you will be aduiſde I truſt. Secretaries are of counſaile with their counteſſes, thus it begins. Suffer him to loue, that ſuffers not louing, what anſwere you to that?

Eug. He loues extreamely that ſuffers not in loue.

Mom. He anſweres you for that preſentlie, his loue is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration, for *Pan* you know is in *Alterationem labi*, he loues you in his ſoule he tels you, wherein there is no paſſion, ſaie dame what anſwere you.

Eug. Nay if I anſwere anie thing.

Mom. Why? verie well, ile anſwere for you.

Eug. You anſwere? ſhall I ſet my hand to your anſwere?

Mom. I by my faith ſhall ye.

Eug. By my faith, but you ſhal anſwere as I wood haue you then.

Mom. Alwaies put in with aduice of your ſecretarie, neece, come, what anſwere you?

Eug. Since

Eug. Since you needes will haue my Anſwere, Ile Anſwere briefely to the firſt, and laſt part of his letter.

Mom. Doe ſo Neece, and leaue the midſt for himſelfe a gods name, what is your anſweare?

Eug. I cannot but ſuffer you to loue, if you do loue.

Mom. Why very good, there it is, and will requit your loue; ſay you ſo? *He writes and ſhe dictates.*

Eug. Beſhrowe my lipps then my *Lord*.

Mom. Beſhrowe my fingers but you ſhall; what, you may promiſe to requite his loue, and yet not promiſe him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

Eug. Nay good my *Lord* hold your hand, for ile bee ſworne, ile not ſet my hand too't.

Mom. VVell hold of your hand good madam till it ſhood come on, Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye: now forth; my *Loue* is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration, what anſwere you to that madam?

Eug. Euen this my *Lorde*, your *Loue* being mentall, needes no bodely Requitall.

Mom. I am Content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

Eug. VVhat, but in hart?

Mom. Hold of your hand yet I ſay, I doe embrace and repaie it.

Eug. You may write vnckle, but if you get my hand to it,

Mom. Alas Neece this is nothing, iſt any thing to a bodely marriage, to ſay you loue a mā in• Soule if your harts agree and your bodies meet not? ſimple marriarge rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way to felicitie, and deſires your hand.

Eug. My hand ſhall alwaies ſigne the way to felicitie.

Mom. Very good, may not any woman ſay this now. Conclud now ſweet Neece.

Eug. And ſo God proſper your Iourney.

Mom. Charitably concluded, though farre ſhort of that loue I wood haue ſhowen to any friend of yours

Neece

Neece I ſweare to you, your hand now, andlet this little ſtay his appetite.

Eug. Read what you haue writ my Lord.

Mom. What needs that madam, you remember it I am ſure.

Eug. Well if it want ſence in the Compoſition, let my ſecretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

Mom. Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

Eug. VVhy now, more then before I pray?

Mom. That you ſhall ſee ſtraite, I cannot but ſuffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

Eug. Remember that requitall was of your own putning it, but it ſhal be after my faſhion I warrant ye.

Mom. Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodely requitall, but in hart I embrace & repay it; my hand ſhall alwaies ſigne the way to felicitie, and my ſelfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and ſo God proſper our iourney:

Eugenia.

Eug. Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

Mom. By my life but it is Neece.

Eug. By my life but tis none of my deed then.

Mom. Doe you vſe to ſet your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you ſhall performe it too:

Eug. VVh, y this is plaine diſhonoured deceit,
Does all your trueſt kindnes end in lawe?

Mom. Haue patience Neece, for what ſo ere I ſay
Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue
Shall ioyne my friend and thee, or naught at al,
By my friends loue, and by this kiſſe it ſhall.

Eug. VVhy, thus did falſe *Accontius* snare *Cydippe.*

Mom. Indeed deere loue his wile was ſomething like
And then tis no vnheard-of trecherie
That was enacted in a goddes Eye,
Accontius worthie loue feard not *Diana*

Before

Before whome he contriu'de this ſweete deceite
Eug. VVel there you haue my hand, but ile beſworne
I neuer did thing ſo againſt my will.
Mom. T'will proue the better madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your blood,
Raiſ'de with my motion bold and oppoſite
Deere neece ſuppe with me, and refreſh your ſpirites:
I haue inuited your companions
VVith the two guells that dinde with you to daie,
And will ſend for the old Lord *Furnifall*
The Captaine, and his mates and (tho at night)
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke*.
Eug. No, no my *Lord*, you will haue *Clarence* there.
Mom. A las poore gentleman I muſt tell you now
Hees extreame ſicke, and was ſo when he writt
Tho he did charge me not to tell you ſo;
And for the world he cannot come abroade.
Eug. Is this the man that without paſſion loues
Mom. I doe not tell you he is ſicke with loue;
Or if he be tis wilfull paſſion.
VVhich he doth chooſe to ſuffer for your ſake
And cood reſtraine his ſufferance with a thought,
Vppon my life he will not trouble you;
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.
Eug. I will on that condition.
Mom. Tis perform'd: for were my friend well and cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your companie, but one of you I muſt haue, or *I* die, oh ſuch a friend is worth a monarchie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Furnifall. Rudsbie. Gooſecappe. Fowlweather. Bullaker.

Fur. Nay my gallants I will tell you more.
All. Forth good my *Lord*.
Fur. The euening came and then our waxen ſtars
Sparkled about the heauenly court of Eraunce.
VVhen I then young and readiant as the ſunne

Gaue luſter to thoſe lampes, and purling thus
My golden forecroppe ſtept into the preſence,
Where ſet with other princely dames I found
The Counteſſe of *Lancaſter* and her neece
VVho as I told you caſt ſo fix'd an eye
On my behauiours talking with the king:
Ath. True my good Lord.
Fur. They roſe when I came in, and all the lights
Burnd dim for ſhame, when I ſtood vp and ſhind.
Foul. O moſt paſſionate deſcription *Sir Cutt.*
Rud. True of a candles end.
Goos. The paſſingſt deſcription of a candle, that euer
liu'd Sir *Guy.*
Fur. Yet ayme I not at them, nor ſeem'd to note
VVhat grace they did me, but found courtly cauſe
To talke with an accompliſht gentleman
New come from Italie, in queſt of newes
I ſpake Italian with him.
Rud. What ſo young?
Fur. *O rariſſime volte cadono nel parlar noſtro familiare.*
Foul. Slidd, a cood ſpeake it knight, at three yeare old.
Fur. Nay gentle Captaine doe not ſet me forth
I loue it not, in truth I loue it not.
Foul. Slight my Lord but truth *is* truth you know.
Goos. I dare enſure your Lordſhip, Truth is truth, &
I haue I heard in Fraunce, they ſpeake French as well,
as their mother tongue my Lord.
Fur. VVhy tis their mother tonge my noble knight
But (as I tell you) I ſeem'd not to note
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,
with that Italionate Frenchman, and tooke time
(Still as our conference ſeru'd) to ſhew my Courtſhip
In the three quarter legge, and ſetled looke,
The quick kiſſe of the toppe of the forefinger
And other ſuch exploytes of good Accoſt;
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes
VVith ſuch attention that their fauours (warm'de

About

About my boſome, in my hatt, mine eares,
In skarffes about my thighes, vpon mine armes
Thicke on my wryſtes, and thicker on my hands,
And ſtill the leſſe I ſought, the more I found.
All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may vſe your Courtſhip with leſſe care
To your coy miſtreſſes; As when we ſtrike
A goodly Sammon, with a little line
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke loſt;
But let her careleſſe play alongſt the ſtreame
As you had left her, and ſheele drowne her ſelfe.

Foul. A my life a moſt rich compariſon.

Gooſ. Neuer ſtirre, if it bee not a richer Capariſon, then my *Lorde* my *Coſine* wore at tilt, for that was brodred with nothing but mooneſhine ith the water, and this has Sãmons in't; by heauen a moſt edible Capariſõ.

Ru. Odious thou woodſt ſay, for Cõpariſõs are odious.

Foul. So they are indeede ſir *Cut:* all but my' Lords.

Gooſ. Bee Capariſons odious Sir *Cutt:* what like flowers?

Rud. O aſſe they be odorous.

Gooſ. A botts athat ſtincking worde odorous, I can neuer hitt on't.

Fur. And how like you my Court-counſaile gallãts ha?

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent my *Lord*; & beleeue it for *Emphaticall* Courtſhip, your Lordſhip puts downe all the *Lords* of the Court.

Fur. No good *Captaine* no. (Courtſhip.

Foul. *By* Fraunce you doe my *Lord* for Emphaticall

Fur. For Emphaticall *Courtſhip* indeed I can doe ſomewhat.

Foul. Then does your merrie entertainment become you ſo feſtifally, that you haue all the brauerie of a Saint *Georges* day about ye when you vſe it.

Fur. Nay thats too much in ſadnes Captaine.

Gooſ. O good my *Lord*, let him prayſe you, what ſo ere

it costs your Lordshippe.

Foul. I assure your Lordshippe your merrie behaviour does so festifally showre vpon you, that euery high holliday when Ladies wood bee most bewtifull; euery one wishes to God shee were turnd into such a little Lord as you, when y'are merrie.

Goos. By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

Fur. Marrie God forbid knight they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them amine honor.

Foul. Then for your Lordships quippes, & quick iests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Tha'st an excellent witt, and thou shalt haue Crownes amine honour, and now knights and Captain, the foole you told me off, do you al know him?

Goos. I know him best my Lord,

Fur. Doe you Sir *Gyles*, to him then good knight, & be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him vnto vs Sir *Gyles*, paint him liuely, liuely now, my good knightly boy.

Goos. Why my good Lord? hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Verie true,

Goos. And as soone as euer wee goe to dinner, and supper together,

Rud. Dinner and supper togeather, whens that troe?

Goos. A will come you in amongst vs, with his Cloake buttond, loose vnder his chinne.

Rud. Buttond loose my Lord?

Goos. I me Lord buttond loose still, and both the flaps cast ouer before, both his shoulders afore him.

Rud. Both shoulders afore him?

Fur. From before him hee meanes; forth good Sir *Gyles*.

Goos. Like a potentate My Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potentate indeed.

Goos. For all the world like a Potentate S. *Cut*: ye know.

Rud. So

Rud. So Sir.

Gooſ. All his beard nothing but haire.

Cud. Or ſomething elſe.

Gooſ. Or ſomething elſe as you ſay.

Foul. Excellent good.

Gooſ. His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenges alwaies in an vncleane hand-kerchiffe very cleanely I warrant you my *Lord*.

Fur. A good neate foole Sir *Gyles* of mine honour.

Gooſ. Then his fine words that hee ſets them in, concaticall, a fine Anniſeede wenche foole vppon ticket and ſo forth.

Fur. Paſſing ſtrange wordes beliene me,

Gooſ. Knoth euery man at the table, though he neuer ſaw him before, by ſight and then will he foole you ſo finely my *Lorde*, that hee will make your hart ake, till your eyes runne ouer.

Fur. The beſt that euer I heard, gray mercy good knight for thy merrie deſcription, Captaine, I giue thee twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee caſheird.

Enter Iacke and Will on the other ſide.

Am. Saue your *Lord*ſhip.

Fur. My prettie caſt of *Merlins*, what prophecies with your little maiſterſhippes?

Ia. Things that cannot come to paſſe my *Lord*, the worſe our fortunes.

Foul. Why whats the matter pages?

Rud. How now my *Ladies* foyſting hounds.

Gooſ. M. *Iack*, M. *Iacke*, how do ye M. *William*, frolick?

Will Not ſo frolicke, as you left vs Sir *Gyles*.

Fur. VVhy wags, what news bring you a Gods name.

Ia. Heauie newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

Fur. Heauie newes? not poſſible your little bodies cood bring am then, vnload thoſe your heauie newes I beſeech ye?

Will. VVhy my Lord the foole we tooke for your *Lord*: is thought too wiſe for you, and we dare not preſēt him,

Gooſ. Slidd

Goos. Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

Ia. VVhy sir *Giles*, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

Will. I indeed sir *Giles*, and he knowes you so wel too

Giles Knowe me? sflight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

Ia. Faith he begs you to be content sir *Giles*, for he wil not come.

Goos. Begg me? sflight I wood I had knowne that, tother daie, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had byn anie body else but a piller, I wood haue runne him through by heauen, beg me?

Foul. He begges you to be content sir *Giles*, that is, he praies you.

Goos. O does he praise me, then I commend him.

Fur. Let this vnsutable foole goe sir *Giles*, we will make shift without him.

Goos. That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

Wil. Doe not you say so sir *Giles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

Goos. Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

Fur. Quick or dead let him goe sir *Giles*.

Ia. I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

Fur. what are they my good Nouations?

Ia. My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lorship and these knights and captaine to accompany the countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

Wil. All desiring your Lo: to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

Fur. VVithall my hart wagges, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a'the last, a'the tainters, and pricke vp your selues for the Ladies.

Gooſ. O braue ſir *Cut:* come let s prick vp the *Ladies:*

Fur. And wil not the knights two noble kinſemē be there?

Ia. Both will be their my *Lord.*

Fur. VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then, and there ſhall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of your nuptials.

Gooſ. Ile make my Lord my Coſin ſpeake for me.

Foul. And your *Lord*ſhip will be for me I hope.

Fur. VVith tooth and naile *Captaine*, A my Lord.

Rua. Hang am Tytts ile pommell my ſelfe into am.

Ia. Your *Lo:* your Coſin *Sir Gyles* has promiſt the *Ladies* they ſhall ſee you ſowe.

Gooſ. Gods mee, wood I might neuer be mortall if I doe not carry my worke with me.

Fur. Doe ſo Sir *Gyles*, and withall vſe meanes
To taint their high blouds with the ſhafte of Loue,
Sometimes a fingers motion woundes their minds;
A ieſt, a Ieſture, or a prettie laugh,
A voyce, a preſent, ah, things done ith nick
VVound deepe, and ſure, and let flie your gold
And we ſhall nuptialls haue, hold belly hold.

Gooſ. O rare Sir *Cut:* we ſhall eate nut-ſhells.
hold belly hold *Exeunt.*

Ia. O pittifull knight, that koowes not nuptialls from nutſhells.

Will. And now *Comme porte vous monſieur?*

Bull Porte bien vous remercy.

Ia. VVe may ſee it indeed Sir, & you ſhall goe afore with vs.

Bul. No good *monſieurs.*

Will: Another Craſhe in my *Ladies* Celler yfaith *monſieur.*

Bul. Remercy *de bon cœur monſieurs.*

Exeunt.

Enter.

Enter Clarence Momford.

Mom. How now my friend does not the knowing (beames
That through thy cõmon ſence glaũce through thy eyes
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire
And warme thy heart with a tryumphant fire?

Mom. My Lord I feele a treble happines
Mix in one ſoule, which proues how eminent
Things endleſſe are aboue things temporall,
That are in bodies needefully confin'de;
I cannot ſuffer their dementions pierſt
VVhere my immortall part admits expanſure
Euen to the comprehenſion of two more
Commixt ſubſtantially with her meere ſelfe. (friend?

Mom. As how my ſtrange, and riddle-ſpeaking

Cla. As thus my Lord, I feele my owne minds ioy
As it is ſeparate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other ſoule
Ioyn'de in direction to one end, like it,
And thirdly the contentment I enioy,
As we are ioynd that I ſhall worke that good
In ſuch a noble ſpirit as your neece,
VVhich in my ſelfe I feele for abſolute;
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content
VVhen in an others vſe they giue it vent.

Mom. Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which ſhowe preſents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wife worſe then ſhe ſeemes;
Ile tell thee plaine a ſecret which I knowe.
My neece doth vſe to paint herſelfe with white
VVhoſe cheekes are naturally mixt with redd
Either becauſe ſhe thinks pale-lookes moues moſt
Or of an anſwereable nice affect
To other of her modeſt qualities;
*Be*cauſe ſhe wood not with the outward blaze
Of tempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;
And ſo be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

VVhich conſtrue as thou wilt, I make it knowne
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth o'my neece,
Then in the leaſt degree to wrong my friend.
Cla. A ielous part of friendſhippe you vnfold;
For was it euer ſeene that any dame
Wood chainge of choice a well mixt white and redd
For bloodles palenes, if ſhe ſtriu'd to moue?
He painting then is to ſhunn motion,
But if ſhe mended ſome defect with it
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;
(Which to ſupplie bare nature) Ladies weare?
What an abſurd thing is it to ſuppoſe;
(If Nature made vs either lame or ſick,)
VVe wood not ſeeke for ſound lymmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confuſed Nature?
So in a face if Nature be made lame
Then Art can make it, is it more offence
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?
Who can giue inſtance where dames faces loſt
The priuiledge their other parts may boaſt.
Mom. But our moſt Court receiued Poets ſaies
That painting is pure chaſtities abator.
Cla. That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature,
And farre from any Iudgment it confered
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes
And if inchaſtitie poſſeſſe the hart;
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare
Doth painting ſpot it,
Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.
For outward fairenes beares the diuine forme,
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;
And that which moues to loue is to be wiſht
And eche thing ſimplie to be wiſht is good.
So I conclude mere painting of the face
A lawfull and a commendable grace,
Mom. VVhat paradox doſt thou defend in this

And yet through thy cleare arguments I ſee
Thy ſpeach is farr exempt from flatterie,
And how illiterate cuſtome groſlie erres?
Almoſt in all traditions ſhe preferres.
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,
Checks not thy doubtleſſe loue, forth my deare friend,
And to all force to thoſe impreſſions,
That now haue caru'd her phantaſie with loue,
I haue invited her to ſupper heere.
And told her thou art moſt extreamelie ſick.
VVhich thou ſhalt counterfeit with all thy ſkill.
Clar. VVhich is exceeding ſmale to counterfeit,
Mom. Practiſe a little, loue will teach it thee,
And then ſhall doctor *Verſey* the phiſitian,
Come to thee while her ſelfe is in my houſe.
VVith whome as thou confer'ſt of thy diſeaſe,
Ile bring my neece withall the Lords and Ladies.
VVithin your hearing vnder fain'd pretext,
To ſhew the pictures that hang neere thy chamber,
VVhere when thou hearſt my voyce, know ſhe is there.
And therefore ſpeake that which may ſtir her thoughts,
And make her flie into thy opened armes.
Ladies whome true worth cannot moue to ruth
Trew louers muſt deceue to ſhew their truth. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudeſbie, Gooſecap, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolita, Penelope, Winnifred.

Mom. VVhere is Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe* here?
Gooſ. Here my Lord.
Mom. Come forward knight t'is you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor,

Goos: A little at once my *Lorde* for Idlenes ſake.

Fur: Sir *Cut*, I ſay, to her captaine.

Penel: Come good ſeruant let's ſee what you worke.

Goos: VVhy looke you miſtris *I* am makeing a fine drie ſea, full of fiſhe, playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water ſo liuely, that you ſhall heare it rore.

Eug: Not heare it Sir *Giles*.

Goos. Yes in ſooth madam with your eyes.

Tal: I *Ladie*; for when a thing is done ſo exceedeingly to the life, as my knightlie coſen does it, the eye oftentimes takes ſo ſtrong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare ſeemes to take part with it.

Hip: That's a verie good reaſon my Lord.

Mom. VVhat a Ieſt it is, to heare how ſeriouſlie he ſtriues to make his fooliſh kinſmans anſweres wiſe ones.

Pen: VVhat ſhall this be ſeruant?

Goos: This ſhall be a great whale miſtris, at all his bigneſſe ſpouting huge hils of ſalt-water afore him, like a little water ſquirt, but you ſhall not neede to feare him miſtris, for he ſhalbe ſilke and gould, he ſhall doe you noe harme, and he be nere ſo liuely.

Pen. Thanke you good ſeruant.

Tal: Doe not thinke *Ladie*, but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monſter *Caucaſus* ſo liuely, that at the firſt ſight I ſtarted at it.

Mom. The monſter *Caucaſus* my Lord? *Caucaſus* is a mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

Tal: *Cacus* indeede my *Lorde*, crie you mercie.

Goos: Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil miſtris.

Pen: No by my faith Seruant t'is better in

Gooſ. VVhy *Ladie*, Ile but take it out in ieſt, in earneſt.

Pen. No, ſomething elſe there good ſeruant.

Gooſ. VVhy then here ſhall be a Camell, and he ſhall haue hornes, and he ſhall looke for all the world like a maide without a huſband.

Hip. O bitter ſir *Gyles*.

Tal. Nay he has a drie wit *Ladie I* can tell ye.

Pen. He bobd me there indeede my *Lord*.

Fur. Marry him ſweet *Lady*, to anſwere his bitter bob.

King. So ſhe maie anſwere him with hornes indeed.

Eug. See what a pretie worke he weares in his boote-hoſe.

Hip. Did you worke them your ſelfe ſir *Gyles*, or buy them?

Gooſ. I bought am for nothing madam in th'exange

Eug. Bought am for nothing.

Tal. Indeed madam in th'exchange they ſo honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich night-cappe you wrobgt coſen: if it had not byn too little for you, it was the beſt peece of worke, that euer I ſawe.

Gooſ. VVhy my *Lord*, t'was bigg enough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

Tal. Indeede the warmer a man keepes his feete the leſſe he needes weare vppon his head.

Eug. You ſpeake for your kinſman the beſt, that euer I heard my *Lord*.

Gooſ. But I beleeue madam, my *Lord* my coſen has not told you all my good parts.

Tal: I told him ſo I warrant you coſen.

Hip: VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir *Giles*?

Gooſ: Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better

then

then all the burning glaſſes ith world.

Eng. Glowe-wormes ſir *Giles* will they make it burne?

Gooſ. O good madam I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpoſe, Ile beſworne they eat me fiue faggots a-weeke in charcoale.

Tal: Nay he has the ſtrangeſt deuices Ladies that euer you heard I warrant ye.

Fur: That's a ſtrange deuice indeed my Lord.

Hip: But your ſowing ſir *Gyles* is a moſt gentlewo-man-like qualitie I aſſure you.

Pen: O farr away, for now ſeruant, you neede neuer marrie, you are both huſband, and wife your ſelfe.

Gooſ: Nay indeede miſtris I wood faine marrie for all that, and ile tell you my reaſon, if you will.

Pen: Let's heare it good ſeruant.

Gooſ: VVhy madam we haue a great match at foot-ball towards, married men againſt batchellers, & the married men be al my friends, ſo I wood faine mar-rie to take the married mens parts in truth.

Hip: The beſt reaſon for marriage that euer I heard ſir *Gyles.*

Gooſ: I pray will you keepe my worke a little miſtris; I muſt needes ſtraine a little courtſie in truth.

Exit Sir Gyles.

Hip: Gods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

Rud: Come, come, you heare not me dame.

Fur: VVell ſaid ſir *Cut*, to her now we ſhall heare freſh courting.

Hip: Alas ſir *Cut*, you are not worth the hearing, euery bodie ſaies you cannot loue, how ſoeuer you talke on't.

Rud: Not loue dame? flydd what argument woodſt haue of my loue tro? lett me looke as redde as ſcar-let a fore I ſee thee, and when thou comſt in ſight if the ſunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like a ſhippards holland I am a Iewe to my Creator.

Hip: O

Hip. O excellent.

Rud. Let mee burſt like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie, and made mee readie to bee hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

Hip. You ſhood haue hangd longer Sir *Cut*: tis not right yet,

Rud. Zonnes, bid me cut off the beſt lymme of my bodie for thy loue, and ile lai't in thy hand to proue it, dooſt thinke I am no Chriſtian, haue I not a Soule to ſaue?

Hip. Yes tis to ſaue yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a ſoule if you vſe this.

Fur. Excellent Courtſhip of all hands, only my Captaines Courtſhippe, is not heard yet, good madam giue him fauour to court you with his voyce.

Eug. What ſhood he Court me with all elſe my Lord?

Mom. VVhy, I hope madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall beſides voyces.

Fur. I meane with an audible ſweete ſong madam.

Eug. VVith all my heart my Lorde, if I ſhall bee ſo much indebted to him.

Foul. Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me ſound muſicke.

Fur. VVell done Captaine, proue as it wil now.

Enter Meſſenger.

Me. My Lord Doctor *Verſey* the Phyſitian is come to ſee maſter *Clarence*.

Mom. Light and attend him to him preſently.

Fur. To maſter *Clarence*? what is your friend ſicke?

Mom. Exceeding ſicke.

Ta. I am exceeding ſorrie.

King. Neuer was ſorrow worthier beſtowed
Then for the ill ſtate of ſo good a man.

Pen. Alas poore gentleman; good my Lord lets ſee him.

Mom. Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth

To

To trouble Ladies ſince he cannot quitt them.
With any thing he hath that they reſpect.
Hip. Reſpect my Lord; I wood hold ſuch a man
In more reſpect then any Emperor
For he cood make me Empreſſe of my ſelfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.
Mom. How now young dame? what ſodainly inſpird
This ſpeech hath ſilver haires, and reuerence asks
And ſoner ſhall haue dutie done of me
Then any pompe in temperall *Emperie.*
Hip. Good madam get my *Lord* to let vs greet him.
Eug. Alas we ſhall but wrong and trouble him.
His Contemplations greet him with moſt welcome.
Fur. I neuer knew a man of ſo ſweet a temper
So ſoft and humble, of ſo high a *Spirit.*
Mom. Alas my noble *Lord* he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The ſtanding lake of *Impudence* corrupts,
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought wood haue,
To grace him in the proſtituted light.
But if a man wood conſort with a Soule
VVhere all mans Sea of gall and bitternes
Is quite evaporate with hir holy flames,
And in whoſe powers a Doue-like Innocence
Foſters her owne deſerts, and life and death,
Runnes hand in hand before them: All the *Skies*
Cleere and tranſparent to her piercing eyes,
Then wood my friend be ſomething, but till then
A *Cipher*, nothing, or the worſt of men.
Foul. Sweet Lord lets goe viſit him.

Enter Gooſcappe.

Gooſ. Pray good my Lord, whats that you talke on?
Mom. Are you come from your neceſſarie buſines Sir *Gyles?* we talke of the viſiting of my ſicke friend *Clarence.*
Gooſ. O good my *Lord* lets viſit him, cauſe I knowe his brother.
Hip. Know his brother, nay then Count doe not

not denie him.

Gooſ. Pray my Lord whether was eldeſt, he or his elder brother?

Mom. O! the younger brother eldeſt, while you liue Sir *Gyles.*

Gooſ. I ſay ſo ſtill my Lord, but I am ſo borne down with truth as neuer any knight ith world was I thinke.

Ta. A man wood thinke he ſpeakes ſimplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngeſt, or eldeſt: *For* often we ſee the younger inherite, wherein he is eldeſt.

Eug. Your *Logicall* wit my Lorde is able to make any thing good.

Mom. VVelcome ſweet *Lords*, & *Ladies*, let vs ſpend
The time till ſupper-time with ſome ſuch ſights
As my poore houſe is furniſhed withall
Pictures and Iewels; of which implements
It may be I haue ſome wil pleaſe you much.

Gooſ. Sweet Lord lets ſee them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence and Doctor.

Do. I thinke your diſeaſe Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

Cla. Be there diſeaſes of the mind Doctor?

Do. No queſtion Sir, euen as there be of the bodie.

Cla. And cures for them too?

Do. And cures for them too, but not by Phiſick.

Cla. You will haue their deſeaſes, greifes? wil ye not?

Do. Yes, oftentimes.

Cla. And doe not greifes euer riſe out of paſſions?

Do. Euermore.

Cla. And doe not paſſions proceed from corporall diſtempers?

Do. Not the paſſions of the mind, for the mind many times is ſicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

Cla. But is not the mindes-ſicknes of power to make the bodie ſicke?

Do. In time, certaine.

Cla. And

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the mind?

Do. No queſtion.

Cla. Then if there bee ſuch a naturall commerce of Powers betwixt them, that the ill eſtate of the one offends the other, why ſhood not the medicines for one cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you ſee. *Hei mihi quod nullus amor eſt medicabilis herbis.*

Cla. Naythen Doctor, ſince you cannot make any reaſonable Connexion of theſe two contrarieties the minde and the bodie, making both ſubiect to paſſion, wherein you confound the ſubſtances of both, I muſt tell you there is no diſeaſe of the mind but one, and that is *Ignorance.*

Do. VVhy what is loue? is not that a diſeaſe of the mind?

Cla. Nothing ſo: for it ſprings naturally out of the bloode, nor are wee ſubiect to any diſeaſe, or ſorrowe, whoſe cauſes or effects ſimply and natiuely concerne the bodie, that the mind by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any paſſions in the Soule, for where there are no affections, there are no paſſions: And *Affectus* your maſter *Gallen* refers *parti irascenti*, For *illic eſt anima ſentiens vbi ſunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there alſo.

Do. But you know we vſe to ſay, my mind giues mee this or that, euen in thoſe addictions that concerne the bodie.

Cla. VVe vſe to ſay ſo indeed, and from that vſe comes the abuſe of all knowledge, and her practize, for when the obiect in queſtion onely concerns the ſtate of the bodie? why ſhood the ſoule bee ſorry or glad for it? if ſhe willingly mixe her ſelfe, then ſhee is a foole, if of neceſſitie and againſt her will, A ſlaue, And ſo, far from that wiſdome, and freedome that the Empreſſe of Reaſon, and an eternall Subſtance ſhood comprehend.

Do. Diuinely ſpoken Sir, but verie Paradoxicall.

Enter Mamford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif; Rudeſ. Gooſe Foul: Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita, Winnifrid.

Mom. Who's there?

I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought I heard the Doctor and my friend.

Fur. I did ſo ſure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord
We will be bold to eveſdroppe; For I know
My friend is as reſpectiue in his chamber
And by himſelfe, of any thing he does
As in a *Criticke Synods* curious eyes
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.
Maximè omnium teipſum reuerere.

Cla. Knowe you the Counteſſe *Eugenia* Sir?

Do. Exceeding wel Sir, ſhe's a good learned ſcholler.

Cla. Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.

Do. Me thinks you two ſhood vſe much conference.

Cla. Alas ſir, we doe verie ſeldome meet,
For her eſtate, and mine are ſo vnequall,
And then her knowledge paſſeth mine ſo farre
That I hold much to ſacred a reſpect,
Of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

Do. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe
Out of your udgment but from paſſion.

Cla. Indeed I doe account that paſſion,
The verie high perfection of my mind,
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was ſpoken of the moſt chaſt Queene
Of riche *Panaca* may be ſaid of her.
Anteuenit ſortem moribus virtutibus Annos,
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.

Do. A moſt excellent *Diſtick.*

Mom. Come Lords away, lets not preſume too much
Of a good nature, not for all I haue
Vvood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong

I rudely offer him: come then ile ſhewe
A few rare Iewels to your honour'd eyes,
And then preſent you with a common ſupper.

Gooſ. I ewells my *Lord*, why is not this candleſticke one of your iewells pray?

Mom. Yes marrie is it Sir *Gyles* if you will.

Gooſ. Tis a moſt fine candleſticke in truth, it wants nothing but the languages.

Pen. The languages ſeruant, why the languages?

Gooſ. VVhy miſtris; there was a latin candleſtick here afore, and that had the languages I am ſure.

Ta. I thought he had a reaſon for it *Ladie.*

Pen. I and a reaſon of the Sunne too my *Lord*, for his father wood haue bin aſhamed on't. *Exeunt.*

Do. VVell maſter *Clarence* I perceiue your mind
Hath ſo incorparate it ſelfe with fleſh
And therein rarified that fleſh to ſpirit,
That you haue need of no Phiſitians helpe.
But good Sir euen for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Thoſe ground-workes of eternitie, you lay
Meanes to your ruine, and ſhort being here:
For the too ſtrict and rationall Courſe you hold
VVill eate your bodie vp; and then the world,
Or that ſmall point of it, where virtue liues
VVill ſuffer Diminution: It is now
Brought almoſt to a ſimple vnitie,
VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior punctо.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The vnitie muſt onely be ſuppoſ'd,
Let it not faile then, moſt men elſe haue ſold it;
Tho you neglect your ſelfe, vphould it,
So with my reuerend loue I leaue you Sir. *Exit.*

Cla. Thanks worthie Doctour, I do amply quite you
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my ſelfe,
And onely by one friend in all the world,
For vertues onely ſake I vſe this wile,

VVhich otherwiſe I wood deſpiſe and ſcorne,
The world ſhould ſinke and all the pompe ſhe hugs
Cloſe in her hart, in her ambitious gripe
Ere I ſuſtaine it, if this ſlendreſt ioynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue ſo well
Had power to ſaue it from the throate of hell
He drawes the Curtaines and ſits within them.

Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.

Eug. Come on faire Ladies I muſt make you both
Familiar witneſſes of the moſt ſtrange part
And full of impudence that ere I plaide,
Hip. VVhats that good madam?
Eug. I that haue bene ſo more thenmaiden-nice
To my deare Lord and vnkle not to yeeld
By his importunate ſuite to his friends loue
In looke, or almoſt thought; will of my ſelfe
Farre paſt his expectation or his hope
In action, and in perſon greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans ſick ſtate.
Pen. Is this a part of ſo much Impudence?
Eug. No but I feare me it will ſtretch to more
Hip. Mary madam the more the merrier.
Eug. Marrie Madam: what ſhood I marrie him?
Hip. You take the word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of ſuch kind heate
In your cold boſome, wood to God my breath
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.
Eug. Gods pretious Ladie, knowe ye what you ſay,
Reſpect you what I am, and what he is,
VVhat the whole world wood ſay, & what great Lords
I haue refuſed and might as yet embrace,
And ſpeake you like a friend, to wiſh me him?
Hip. Madam I caſt all this, and know your choyſe
Can caſt it quite out of the chriſtall dores
Of your Iudiciall eyes: I am but young
And be it ſaid without all pride I take,

To

To be a mayd, I am one, and in deed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of ſtate:
And yet euen by that little I haue learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I haue cride harueſt home of thus much iudgment
In my greene ſowing time, that I cood place
The conſtant ſweetnes of good *Clarence* mind,
Fild with his inward wealth and nobleneſs;
(Looke madam here,) when others outward traſhe
Shood be contented to come vnder here.

Pen. And ſo ſay I vppon my maidenhead.

Eug. Tis well ſaid Ladies, thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wiſe, you to worldly men:
And now ſweet dames obſerue an excellent ieſt
(At leaſt in my poore ieſting.) Th' Erle my vncle
Will miſſe me ſtraite, and I know his cloſe drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By ſome deuice or other he hath plotted.
Now when he ſeekes vs round about his houſe
And cannot find vs, for we may be ſure
He will not ſeeke me in his ſicke friends chamber,
(I haue at al times made his loue ſo ſtrange,)
He ſtraight will thinke, I went away diſpleaſ'd,
Or hartelie careles of his hartieſt ſute.
And then I know there is no greife on earth
Will touch his hart ſo much, which I will ſuffer
To quite his late good pleaſure wrought on me,
For ile be ſworne in motion and progreſſe
Of his friends ſuite, I neuer in my life
VVraſtled ſo much with paſſion or was mou'd
To take his firme loue in ſuch Ielouſe part.

Hip. This is moſt excellent madam, and will proue
A neecelike, and a noble frends Reuenge.

Eug. Bould in a good cauſe, then lets greet his friend,
VVhere is this ſickly gentleman at his booke?
Now in good troth I wood theis bookes were burnd

That

That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my vnckles friend, no other name
I need giue him, to whome I giue my ſelfe.
Cla. O madam let me riſe that I may kneele,
And pay ſome dutie to your ſoueraigne grace.
Hip: Good *Clarence* doe not worke your ſelfe diſeaſe
My Ladie comes to eaſe and comfort you.
Pen: And we are handmaides to her to that end.
Cla: Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held
VVithin the verge of this preſumtuous chaire.
Eng. VVhy, *Clarence* is your iudgement bent to ſhow
A common louers paſſion? let the world,
That liues without a hart, and is but ſhowe,
ſtand on her emtie, and impoiſoned forme,
I knowe thy kindeneſſe, and haue ſeene thy hart,
Cleſt in my vnckles free, and friendly lippes
And I am onely now to ſpeake and act,
The rit'es due to thy loue: oh I cood weepe,
A bitter ſhowe of teares for thy ſick ſtate,
I cood giue paſſion all her blackeſt rites,
And make a thouſand vowes to thy deſerts,
But theſe are common, knowledge is the bond,
The ſeale and crowne of our vnited mindes,
And that is rare, and conſtant, and for that,
To my late written hand I giue thee this,
See heauen, the ſoule thou gau'ſt is in this hand.
This is the knot of our eternitie,
VVhich fortune, death, nor hell, ſhal euer looſe.

Enter Bullaker, Iack, Wil.

Ia: VVhat an vnmannerly trick is this of thy counteſſe, to giue the noble count her vnckle the ſlippe thus?

Wil Vnmannerlie, you villayne? O that I were worthie to weare a dagger to anie purpoſe for thy ſake?

Bul: VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger with your fiſts.

Wil. That

Wil. That cannot be man, for all fists are shut you know, and vtter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell iust for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominablie miscarrie her selfe.

Ia: Protest you sawsie Iack you, I shood doe my countrie and court shippe good seruice to beate thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reuerend worde to passe their guarde; why, the oldest courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest,

Bul. Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you wood bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee possest before.

Wil. VVell, I am sorie for my presumtion then, but more sorie for my *Ladies*, marie most sorie for thee good *Lorde Momforde*, that will make vs most of all sorie for our selues, if wee doe not fynde her out.

Ia: VVhy alas what shood wee doe all the starres of our heauen see, wee seeke her as fast as wee can, if shee bee crept into a rush wee will seeke her out or burne her.

Enter Momford.

Mom. Villaines where are your *Ladies*, seeke them Out; hence, home ye monsters, nad stil keep you there VVhere leuitie keepes, in her in constant Spheare, *Exeunt. Paget.*
*A*waie you pretious villaines, what a plague,
Of varried tortures is a womans hart?
How like a peacockes taile with different lightes,
They differ from them selues; the very ayre
Alters the aspen humors of their bloods.

Now

Now excellent good, now ſuperexcellent badd.
Some excellent good, ſome? but one of all:
VVood anie ignorant babie ſerue her friend,
Such an vnciuill part? ſblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,
And nourish *Spiders*, cood ſhe cut my throate,
VVish her departure I had byn her calfe,
And made a diſh at ſupper for my gueſts
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre
A man may challenge for her; what? a feather?
So eaſie to be ſeene, ſo apt to trace;
In the weak flight of her inconſtant wings?
A mote man at the moſt, that with the ſunne,
Is onely ſeene, yet with his radiant eye,
we cannot ſingle ſo from other motes,
To ſay this mote is ſhee, paſſion of death,
She wrongs me paſt a death, come come my friend,
Is mine, ſhe not her owne, and theres an end.

Eug. Come vnckle ſhall we goe to ſupper now?

Mom. Zounes to ſupper; what a dorr is this?

Eug. Alas what ailes my vnckle, Ladies ſee.

Hip. Is not your Lordſhippe well?

Pen: Good ſpeake my Lord.

Mom. A ſweete plague on you all, ye wittie rogues haue you no pittie in your villanous ieſts, but runne a man quite from his fifteene witts?

Hip. VVi'll not your Lord-ſhippe ſee your friend, and neece?

Mom. VVood I might ſinke if I ſhame not to ſee her Tuſh t'was a paſſion of pure Ieloſie,
Ile now make her now amends with Adoration,
Goddes of learning and of conſtancie,
Of friendſhippe and euerie other vertue.

Eug. Come, come, you haue abuſ'de me now I know
And now you plaiſter me with flatteries.

Pen. My Lord the contract is knit faſt betwixt them.

Mom. Now

Mom. Now all heauens quire of Angels ſing Amen,
And bleſſe theis true borne nuptials with their bliſſe,
And Neece tho you haue Coſind me in this,
Ile vnckle you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceiue your expectation.
For where you think you haue contracted harts
VVith a poore gentleman, he is ſole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours
I freely, and for euer here bequeath;
Call forth the *Lords*, ſweet *Ladies* let them ſee
This ſodaine and moſt welcome Noueltie;
But crie you mercy Neece, perhaps your modeſtie
VVill not haue them pertake this ſodaine matche.
Eug. O vnckle thinke you ſo, I hope I made
My choyce with too much Iudgment to take ſhame
Of any forme I ſhall performe it with.
Mom. Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furnifal, Tal: King: Goos: Rud: Foul: Ia: Will, Bullaker.

Mom: My *Lords*, take witnes of an abſolute wonder,
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,
My friend, and my deere neece are man and wife.
Fur. A wonder of mine honour, and withall
A worthie preſedent for al the world;
Heauen bleſſe you for it *Ladie*, and your choyce.
Ambo Thankes my good *Lord*.
Tal. An Accident that will make pollicie bluſhe,
And all the Complements of wealth and ſtate,
In the ſucceſſull and vnnumbred Race
That ſhall flowe from it, fild with fame and grace.
Kin. So may it ſpeed deere Counteſſe, worthy *Clarence*.
Ambo Thankes good Sir *Cutberd*.
Fur. Captaine be not diſmaid, Ile marrie thee,
For while we liue, thou ſhalt my conſort be.
Foul. By Fraunce my *Lord*, I am not grieu'd a whit,
Since *Clarence* hath her; he hath bin in Fraunce,
And therefore merits her if ſhe were better.

Mom. The knight ſhile knit your happie nuptial knots,
I know the Ladies minds better then you;
Tho my rare Neece hath choſe for vertue onlie,
Yet ſome more wiſe then ſome, they chooſe for both
Vertue, and wealth.

Eug. Nay vnckle then I plead
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wiſe then ſome,*
For onely vertues choiſe is trueſt wiſedome.

Mom. Take wealth, & vertue both amongſt you then,
They loue ye knights extreamely, and Sir *Cut:*
I giue the chaſt *Hippolita* to you,
Sir *Gyles* this Ladie;

Pen. Nay ſtay there my Lord,
I haue not yet prou'd all his knightly parts
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

Tal. That I forgot ſweet Ladie; good Sir *Gyles*
Haue you no ſonnet of your penne about ye?

Gooſ. Yes, that I haue I hope my Lord my Coſen.

Fur. Why, this is paſſing fit.

Gooſ. Ide be loth to goe without paper about me againſt my miſtris, hold my worke againe, a man knows not what neede he ſhall haue perhaps.

Mom. VVell remembred a mine honour Sir *Gyles:*

Gooſ. Pray read my Lorde, I made this ſonnet of my miſtris.

Rud. Nay reade thy ſelfe man.

Gooſ. No in truth Sir *Cut:* I cannot reade mine owne hande.

Mom. VVell I will reade it.

Three things there be which thou ſhouldſt only craue,
Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye;
Three things there be, which thou ſhouldſt longe to haue,
And for which three, each madeſt dame wood crie;
Three things there be, that ſhood thine anger ſwage,
An Engliſh maſtife, and a fine french page.

Rud. Sblood Aſſe, theres but two things, thou ſhamſt thy ſelfe.

Gooſ. VVhy

VVhy Sir *Cutt:* thats *Poeticalicentia*, the verſe wood haue binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you are no Poet I perceiue.

Pen. Tis excellent ſeruant.

Mom. Keepe it Ladie then,
And take the onely knight of mortall men.

Goos. Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you had giuen me twentie ſhillings in truth, now I may take the married mens parts at footeball.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all; & you Captaine
For merrie forme ſake let the willowe crowne;
A wreath of willow bring vs hither ſtraite.

Fur. Not for a world ſhood that haue bin forgot
Captaine it is the faſhion, take this crowne.

Foul. VVith all my hart my Lord, and thanke ye too
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

Mom. Now will we conſecrate our readie ſupper
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,
In forme whereof firſt daunce faire Lords and Ladies
And after ſing, ſo we will ſing and daunce,
And to the skies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

The Meaſure.

Now to the ſong, and doe this garland grace.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe.
our captaine goes downe:
Willowe, willowe, willowe,
his vallor doth crowne.
The reſt with Roſemarie we grace,
O Hymen let thy lights
With richeſt rayes guild euerie face,
and feaſt harts with delights.
Willowe, willowe, willow,
we chaunt the skies:
And with blacke and yellowe,
giue courtſhip the prize.

FINIS.